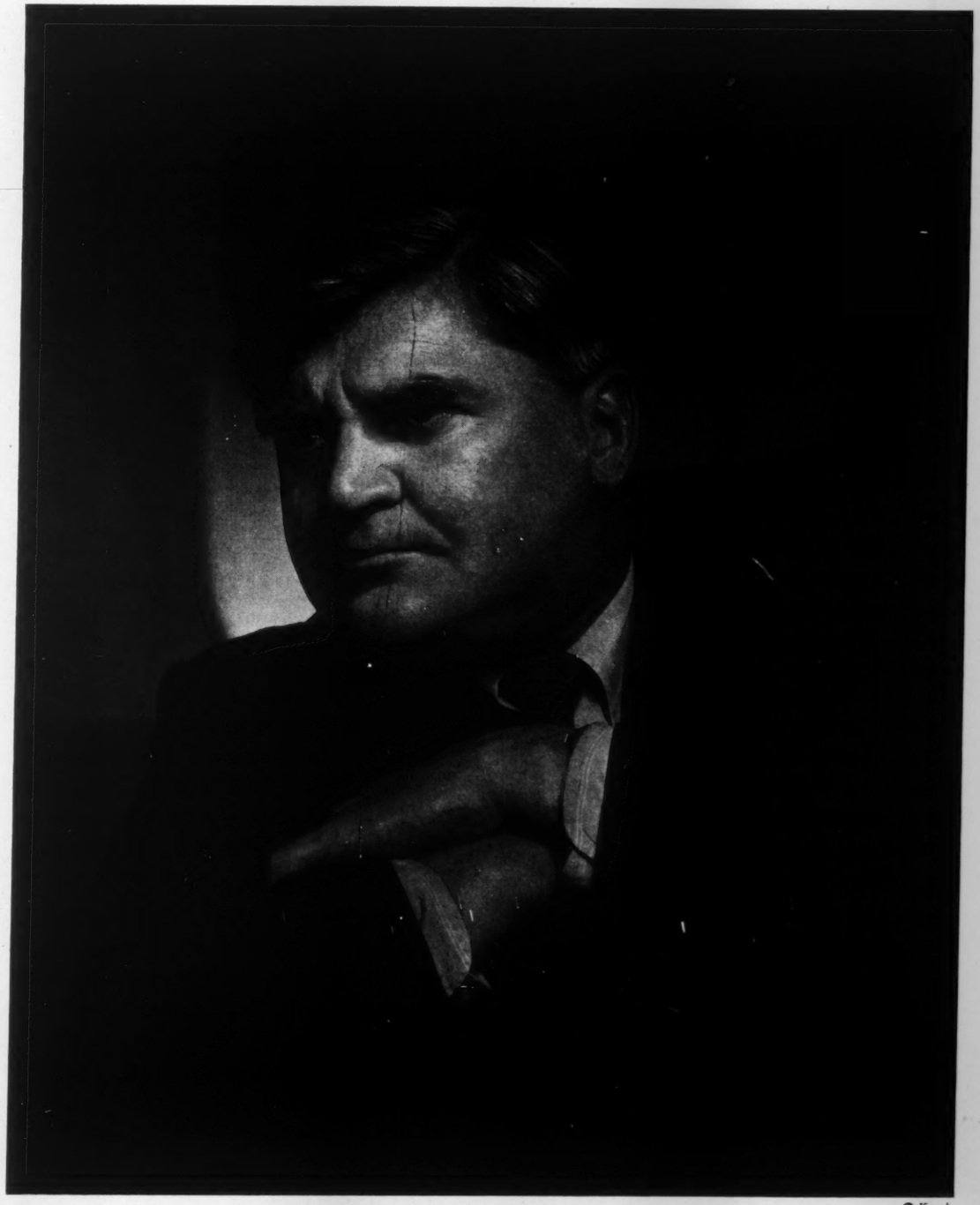
Saturday Night

April 17, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

A world grown used to tests of atomic weapons was only mildly interested when it read the first announcement that the United States had set off Hydrogen Bomb No. 2 over Bikini early last month. Then in the weeks that followed there came more details: the explosion far exceeded in violence anything that the scientists had expected; its force could not be measured accurately because it was too great for the recording instruments, but it was at least 600 times as powerful as the A-bomb dropped on Hiroshima; people a hundred miles away suffered injury from radio-active ash. As the grim tale was slowly unfolded, fear and anger swept through the minds of men like a shock-wave from the bomb itself. There were cries in the U.S. Congress for an investigation, newspapers in Europe demanded that no further tests be made, and Sir Winston Churchill wept in the British Parliament.

Yet even those making the loudest outcry knew that the tests would have to go on, that bigger bombs would have to be exploded and more terrible destruction devised until humanity was finally shocked out of madness by the flaming insanity of its



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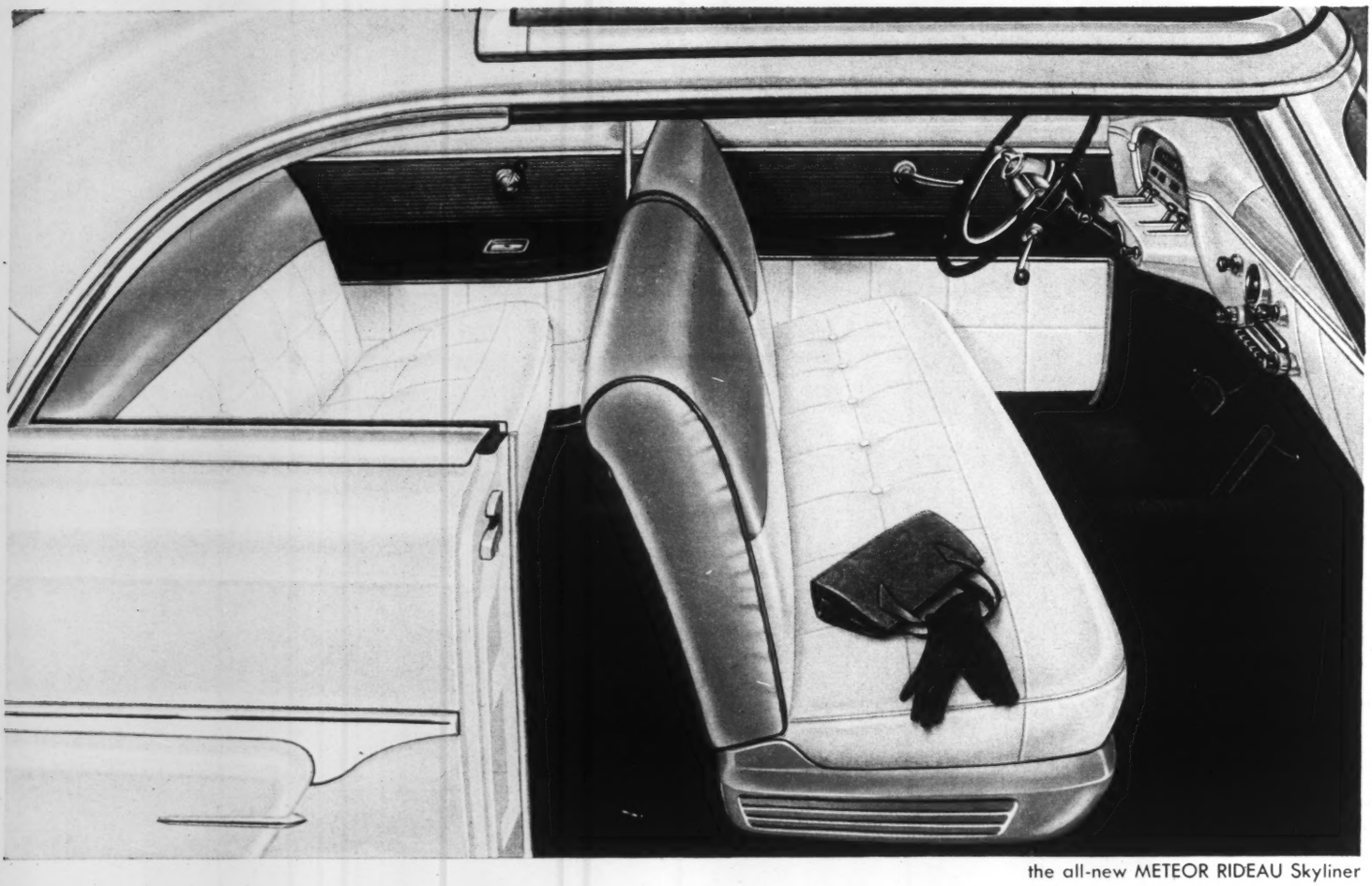
ANEURIN BEVAN: Fences to be repaired. (Page 3)



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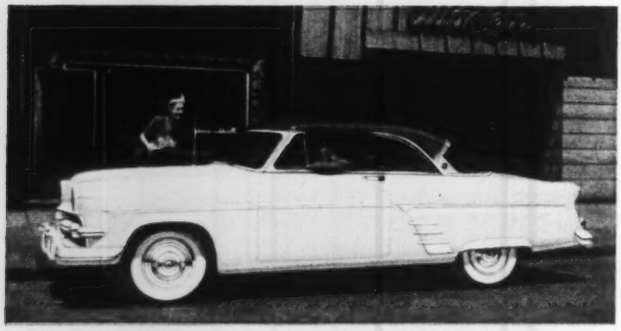

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

own weapons. If Hydrogen Bomb No. 2 made even a small contribution to such long-awaited therapy, who is to say that it was not a necessary horror, or that the miscalculation of the scientists was not a great and good error?

The most charitable view of the demands that the United States stop making the bombs is that they were inspired by nothing more than unreasoning panic. Nobody in his right mind would ask one country to refrain from matching the thermonuclear progress of a potential enemy before a practical agreement for international control of these weapons had been worked out and honestly put into practice.

Until nations learn to treat each other with sanity and goodwill instead of with unreason and suspicion, our greatest hope for peace lies in the ability of the scientists and technicians to devise weapons ever more terrible and destructive. We may then be able to reach peace through enforced caution.

The Front Page

For the Quick

WHILE TORONTONIANS were celebrating the opening of their new subway, they had a reminder that in the midst of life they are in death. Earle Elliott Funeral Homes published this invitation: "During the opening celebrations of Canada's First Subway we are holding Open House from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. . . You are invited to attend an Organ Recital in the Golden Chapel of Chimes. . . Come and bring your friends."

Civil Defence

AFTER WATCHING, on film, the neat removal of an island from the South Pacific by the explosion of a hydrogen bomb, we called the Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare and the member of the Cabinet who has to do with civil defence at the federal level. What, we asked, was the effect of these bigger and better blasts on plans for civil defence?

"We're doing a great deal of thinking about it," Mr. Martin said. "There is no doubt about the devastating quality of this thing, particularly in regard to vast strategic areas. Did you read what I had to say at the opening of the Canadian Civil Defence College at Arnprior a few days ago? I'll send it to you."

(Mr. Martin was as good as his word. A copy of his speech arrived promptly next day. This is what he said: "The whole free world is faced with the urgent necessity of reappraising the whole concept of the nature and scale of civil defence preparations — not necessarily because of any increase in international tensions, but in the light of recent developments in the field of thermonuclear weapons. From this time forward, we must recognize the fact that, in practical terms, for the attack of major strategic targets, the era of the atom bomb has passed. Its size and weight and capacity for destruction pale into insignificance beside the newest lethal weapon, the hydrogen bomb. . . It is clear that we are entering an entirely new phase in defence and civil defence planning. . . It is no longer possible for a community to rely on its own resources alone. From now on, it will be necessary for local organizations to depend on the assistance of other communities much further removed. Thus, the emphasis in civil defence is shifting from mere community protection to mutual support.")

Does the planning cover possible evacuation of cities? "Yes, that is one thing that the hydrogen bomb has changed," he said. "Before, we were not thinking about evacuation, but now it has become absolutely necessary." Possible targets? "We have designated a number of target areas but we don't say what they are." Has there been any thinking about preparing an emergency seat of government, as the Americans have done outside Washington? "I cannot discuss that."

United Nations

The HON. PAUL MARTIN: A new phase in civil defence.

How urgent was the matter of civil defence? Again the answer was in the Arnprior speech: "This College is tangible evidence of our conviction that the need is real, and of our determination to do something about it. . . . But, as Sir Winston Churchill pointed out, the development of these fearful new instruments of mass destruction may prove to be our best guarantee against a third world war."

Ground to be Gained

HAVING ACQUIRED an inflexible belief some years ago that the infantryman is the heart and soul of any fighting force, we were delighted to hear Sir Kenneth Crawford, the British general who is an expert on air-borne operations, give it as his considered opinion that "we are always going to need the foot soldiers". "One cannot take possession of territory by pressing buttons," Sir Kenneth explained. We can, however, have the wistful hope that, the buttons having been pushed, the territory is worth taking.

Delayed Dinners

GIRLS WHO take too long preparing dinner for their hungry males should profit by the sad experience of Miss Barbara Gray Atkins, a young ecdysiast who is suing the actor, Sonny Tufts, for $25,000. Miss Atkins claims that she had just finished cooking a meal for Mr. Tufts and two other actors when Mr. Tufts suddenly sank his teeth into her left thigh. Undoubtedly there are many women who would be only too happy to have Mr. Tufts bite them, but Miss Atkins declares she has suffered a wound only a substantial amount of cash can salve because she makes a living by exposing herself to paying audiences. Still, we have an idea she was asking for what she got. you can't strip-tease a dinner without getting snapped at.

The Parliamentary Trough

WHEN E. DAVIE FULTON, the Conservative member of Parliament for Kamloops, proposed in the House of Commons recently that the penalties for publishing offensive comic books be made more severe, his idea was rejected by a vote of 35 to 16. As one newspaper gravely reported, the vote "meant that less than one-fifth of the 265 members were in their places. Another 30-odd were occupied with a standing committee of the House. Friday, with the week-end beckoning, is always a bad day for attendance." That same day, another newspaper had this to report: "Members of Parliament, concerned about the high prices being paid for food bought for the parliamentary restaurant, have named a five-man committee to go over the accounts . . . Members of the committee decided their investigation would be done as quietly as possible without any publicity. They felt the public would be upset if it was discovered that, on anything like a realistic basis of accounting, these high prices and the low $1 rate for meals, the deficit on the restaurant was about $72,000 last session."

These are the gentlemen who decided they were worth an annual salary of $10,000 a year, part of it tax-free. Possibly some of them are worth it —the 90 or so members who were interested enough in their jobs to stay around Ottawa for the Friday sitting, for example, or the members who have twinges of conscience when they think of the $72,000 subsidy they're getting for their meals at the parliamentary restaurant.

The members are being paid enough to give their employers, the people of Canada, an honest week's work; enough to look after their restaurant bills without expecting a handout from less privileged citizens, most of whom are earning far less than the comfortable politicians.

Bevan and Ballots

CHEERED BY the results of the six by-elections held since the beginning of February, British Conservatives are now talking confidently about the possibility of a general election being held later this year. The by-elections have all been in Conservative constituencies and the polls have been comparatively low, but in each case the Tories have managed to get a bigger share of the vote than they did in the last general election while the Labor share has dropped. While these figures do not provide conclusive evidence of a general swing of British opinion towards the Churchill administration, it is enough to indicate to both the Conservatives and the Socialists that the Government has at least held its ground and has probably bettered its position. The British, like Canadians, flock to the polls when they want to vote against, rather than for, the party in power; when they are not disturbed, large numbers of them simply do not bother to vote.

Unless they can come up with at least one rousing issue, then, the Socialists cannot look with any confidence towards a test of strength in the Fall. Even if they were united in their conceptions of what party policy should be, the odds would be tilted against them, but they are divided not only by questions of policy but by doubts about their leadership. The moderate Clement Attlee has been ill and, to many of his followers, too eager to appease the middle-class supporters of Socialism. There have been demands that he give up the leadership to a younger, stronger man better able to rally Labor against the resurgence of an aggressive Tory party, but there is far more unanimity in the demand than in opinion about who his successor should be. There is the dilemma of British Socialism: should the new leader be a man in the Attlee

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tradition, who will keep on watering down party doctrine until the party becomes virtually a left-wing of Liberalism, or should he be a fiery, colorful fighter who will not swerve from the old articles of faith — in other words, Aneurin Bevan?

The ambitious Bevan would dearly love to replace Attlee and he has been working assiduously to that end since the dying days of the last Labor Government. He has been strangely quiet during recent weeks, but not inactive; the reports from Britain indicate that he has been busily repairing weak spots in his political support and trying to extend its area. That he has had some success was shown in the recent vote of Labor's national executive on the question of German rearmament; Bevan's policy opposing the rearming of Germany was rejected only by the very narrow margin of 12 to 10.

There is still a large body of Socialist opinion opposed to Bevan, however, and this undoubtedly has been reinforced by the results of the recent by-elections. The *Manchester Guardian* commented: "Those who think that Labor can ride back to popularity on anti-Germanism and appeasement of Russia seem to be badly mistaken." The *Economist* said: "The phase of Tory recovery dates very clearly from Mr. Bevan's apparent accession to a commanding position in his party. . . The policy of (an) alternative government is no longer regarded as potentially Bevanite, which means that it would be based on irritable sentiments that the British public sometimes like to vent in private but would find alien to vote for in practice — more anti-Americanism as a basis for foreign policy, more nationalization for industrial policy, and more spite for fiscal policy." For all his fence-mending, Mr. Bevan still has a great deal to do before he can convince a majority of his colleagues that he is skilled enough to hammer together a party platform strong enough to support a government.

Yapper

IT IS difficult to become indignant over Franco's demands that the British give up Gibraltar to Spain. The picture of the sleazy little Fascist shaking a finger at Churchill is altogether too funny to be menacing. His status as an ally of the United States seems to have gone to his head and inflamed his imagination, but some of his American friends should remind him one of these days that shrill yapping at neighbors can make a nuisance of even the most fawning of pets.

Museum Director

WHEN WE went around to the Art Gallery of Toronto to meet James Johnson Sweeney, director of New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, we found him busily preparing for the opening of the Loan Exhibition of Modern Masters from the Guggenheim Museum. A big, brawny man with a resonant bass voice, he was in his shirt-sleeves giving a hand to two workmen in overalls who had the job of hanging the 70 paintings which will be on display at the Toronto Gallery until May 9.

"I got into this business in an unusual way," he said. "I was at a lecture on Blake, at Cambridge, when the professor began to talk about Matisse and Picasso. I didn't know anything about them, so I asked for something to read. The professor invited me to a Sunday breakfast at the Heretics Club, where I met I. A. Richards, who became my closest friend. I learned a great deal about criticism and aesthetics from him. I wrote verse at that time, and the Irish poet, AE, published them in the *Irish Statesman*. A defence of contemporary painting I wrote was published by him, too. He was interested in art and he was a painter of a curiously sentimental type of mysticism."

A woman swathed in mink entered and began to inspect some of the paintings. "Hey, this gallery's closed," one of the workmen said. "Right," the woman said as she peered at a small canvas.

"I've been working with museums and art exhibitions ever since," Mr. Sweeney said. "When I get back to New York, I have to finish a book I'm writing about Antonio Gaudi, the Spanish architect. I believe I'm coming back here to lecture in May some time."

We recalled that the late Mr. Guggenheim had been particularly interested in what was called non-objective art. "Non-objective," Mr. Sweeney said, "is a linguistic confusion. The significance of the great works in the collection lies in their fundamental aesthetic values, not in the fact that they fit into a verbal category. An exhibition should be immediately sensuous, superficially decorative and fundamentally critical. It should hit you in the eye and hold you, so you look at the pictures, whose selection and arrangement is a critical act." He propped up a painting which showed a single human head with two faces, one with a green forehead and the other with blue cheeks. "Pioneering artists," he said, "try to open up new corners, different corners of the field, instead of imitating others. And now we'd better get busy hanging these."

The woman in the mink was sauntering from the room, followed by the disapproving glances of the workmen. We followed her.

Peter A. Juley & Son

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY: A linguistic confusion.

Eavesdropping

SCIENTISTS at Kansas State College say they have developed techniques for listening to hidden insects chewing inside kernels of wheat and other grains, and doubtless farmers will be pleased with the news —if nothing else, they can give variety to their chores by listening in from time to time to the grinding of the insects' jaws diligently reducing the stacks of stored grain. The techniques are not likely to be restricted to agricultural use for long, however; there is an eager market in the urban populations who will jump at the chance of listening to goings-on in the woodwork—and in the next apartment.

The Old Subway

WE CAN NOW report that Toronto is almost back to normal after all the excitement of the opening a couple of weeks ago of Canada's first subway. People were still coming in by the busload from the hinterland last week just to ride the 4½ miles of underground railway, but the natives have got over their first fine careless rapture and sit as stolidly in the sparkling new cars as they did in the jolting old trolleys of the Yonge Street line. Gone are the smiles (proud, gay, adventurous and self-conscious) of the first two or three days; the travellers now are subway riders, nothing more, although they will admit, if pressed, that it's a much more comfortable trip than it used to be and that traffic seems to be moving faster now.

Torontonians who rather relish the harsh things said about the city by people living in other, less-favored parts of Canada have been quite peevish about the complimentary way outsiders have been talking about the subway. They had looked forward smugly to the envious sneers of the lesser tribes, but instead they got expressions of praise and respect as newspapers across the country broke out with such comments as "Toronto should be proud of its accomplishment" (*Calgary Herald*), "We are all proud of the big brother" (*London Free Press*), "The world's most comfortable ride" (*Montreal Star*), and "all concerned have reason to be proud of the achievement" (*Brantford Expositor*). All this praise sounded almost subversive, and one or two of the more chauvinistic residents were muttering something about not knowing what the country was coming to. All is well again now, however, and fears that grand old traditions were being too lightly discarded have been set at rest. Workmen are again busy digging holes and breaking up the pavement on Yonge Street.

Change of Heart

WHEN COLD winds burst out of the Arctic now, it is with a despairing scream, the howl of a defeat recognized but not gracefully accepted. A couple of weeks ago men's hearts were sullen as snow flurries discouraged the timid hopes of Spring, but these days there is a fresh lightness of spirit because, no matter what the thermometers may record, the long winter is over. The proof? Easy: it is just a fortnight to the start of the trout season in most parts of the country, and, with another baseball season opening with proper pomp and ceremony this week, the voice of the umpire is heard again in the land—that hoarse, belligerent call that falls so sweetly on ears too long filled with the noise of dissensions and explosions.

The sounds that come at this time of the year are the accompaniment of our annual return to sanity. The whisper of a tapered line laid across a darkling pool, the clean whip of ball and lash of bat—these are verities that return each year with new wonder.

Beside moving water, with a lithe rod in his hand, a man is at that point in time and space where he can smooth out the wrinkles in his soul and the creases in his mind. When he joins his fellows in the pageant that is baseball, the roaring drama that moves with fateful precision through its many acts to the great climax in September, he cleanses his blood of pettiness and enriches the whole fibre of his being. Then, when he is not at the pool or the diamond, he is able, with perspective restored and worry put in its place, to fill in his time with whatever carries him through the winter to another season of trout and baseball.

Annual Art Exhibition in Montreal

Cross-Section of Canada at Museum of Fine Arts

LOW TIDE, SASEENOS, B.C. BY ED. J. HUGHES.

This year, the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts held its seventy-first annual Spring Exhibition. Over 1,000 entries were submitted from all parts of Canada. Of these, the four-man jury selected 140 exhibits, ranging in style from conservative paintings to radical sculpture.

SOLDIER AND GIRL AT STATION BY ALEX COLVILLE.

This quiet drama of an early morning parting is painted in glazed tempera, one of the favorite techniques of the Renaisssance artists. Alex Colville lives in Sackville, New Brunswick, and received considerable acclaim from critics in New York when he held an exhibition there recently.

CITY PLAYGROUND BY MONTREAL'S ALAN GOLD.

The young artist, Alan Gold, represents the hardy school of realism developing here as a counter-balance to abstract trends. His vigorous and high-keyed paintings show the passing scene through the eyes of a generation still in its twenties and early thirties.

ROMANTIC BALLET DANCERS BY ERIC GOLDBERG.

This is a detail from a work by one of Canada's most poetic painters. Eric Goldberg's romantic vision concerns itself with the life of the theatre and carnival. Many of his canvases are peopled by the harlequins and clowns of a sequin and sawdust world and convey the color and rhythm of this life vividly.

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The Sweetest Racket This Side of Heaven

PART I: By HUGH GARNER

ON MARCH 4 last year a deputation called on the Ontario Minister of Health, Dr. Mackinnon Phillips, to voice complaints against a commercial cemetery association which was selling cemetery lots in five Ontario cities. The arguments and accusations levelled at this commercial organization filled six closely-typed pages, but all of them may be summed up in the words of Dr. A. E. Berry, Director of the Sanitary Engineering Division, Ontario Department of Health, under whose immediate jurisdiction Ontario's cemeteries are placed. Dr. Berry said, "If high pressure sales campaigns continue, this type of business will interfere with the operation of other cemeteries . . . Cemeteries which have been established for years are finding themselves without customers."

The meeting was covered by the Toronto newspapers, and on the same day Roy Greenaway, feature writer for the Toronto *Star*, said, "Interests from the United States are buying farms for $800 an acre and selling the grave plots at the rate of $100,000 an acre". The same newspaper on March 11 quoted Thomas Pryde, Conservative member of the Ontario Legislature for Huron, as asking the Ontario Government to clamp down on "smart operators who were conducting a racket in cemetery lots". He was further quoted as saying, "Salesmen are even selling lots to young people long before they need them".

This last statement of Mr. Pryde's made us sit up and take notice. It seemed as incongruous as saying that insurance policies should not be bought except on deathbeds. Coupled with the remark of Dr. Berry's that "other cemeteries are finding themselves without customers" (a remark that brought the crocodile tears streaming down our cheeks), we decided that, in the interests of those of us who are going to die some day, we should look into the whole question of death and burials, and make a report on what we found.

The commercial cemetery company responsible for the fuss raised in the newspapers and the Legislature is the Memorial Gardens Association (Canada) Ltd., with head office at 4215 Dundas St. W., in Toronto. This organization operates 12 garden-type cemeteries in Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, London, Kitchener, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Toronto and Ottawa. The company began operations in Canada about six years ago as a subsidiary of an American company, Memorial Gardens Incorporated, which is the brain-child of a smart businessman named E. L. Williams.

Williams jumped into the cemetery business in Kansas City in 1943, and expanded his holdings rapidly; today his company controls 100 memorial garden-type cemeteries in the United States.

What made Williams so successful was his brand-new approach to the *business* of cemeteries. He, unlike almost everyone else, saw cemeteries for what they really are: commercial enterprises. He also saw that, despite the pseudo-pious attitude of so many officials of established cemeteries, the sale of cemetery lots is a real-estate transaction, divorced entirely from the religious significance of the burial itself. And thirdly, he noticed something else that set him on the path towards riches: the fact that in 99 cases out of 100 the sale of cemetery space had been made to the surviving members of a family after one of their number had died. He asked himself the question that seems obvious now that he has answered it: why not sell cemetery lots *before* a family needs them, and while they can be paid for out of current income, rather than from the savings, insurance policies, or estate of the person to be buried?

This revolutionary concept was met with uproarious guffaws on the part of the old-line cemetery officials, until it began to catch on with the public, and their cemeteries began to suffer from a business slump. The lawn-type cemeteries not only hurt the deeply entrenched old-line cemetery groups, but also hurt some undertakers who had been selling a "package deal" to their customers, including undertaking, burial, plot and tombstone. And as for the tombstone dealers, a cemetery without tombstones would spell their doom entirely. The laughter of these inter-related groups suddenly changed to outraged cries, and they began to lobby for legislation that would prohibit the pre-need sale of cemetery lots, house-to-house salesmanship, cemeteries without tombstones, and anything else they could dream up to be used against the lawn-type cemetery groups.

What is a lawn-type cemetery? It is one in which the dead are buried under bronze markers set flush with the ground, rather than under tombstones. These cemeteries present to the viewer a wide panorama of close-cropped lawns, broken only by paths, small groups of trees, and various carved stone memorials, such as "The Lord's Prayer", "The Last Supper", etc., which serve as focal points for the graves which surround them.

Lawn cemeteries are not a new thing; hundreds of them have been set up in North America between the two World Wars. One of the first, and by far the most successful, is Forest Lawn Memorial Park, located on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

The present-day Forest Lawn is the brain-child of Dr. Hubert Eaton, a Baptist who hails from Liberty, Missouri, via the mining camps of Montana. Between the copper mines of Montana and the gold mine of Forest Lawn, Eaton worked briefly as a cemetery plot salesman in St. Louis, later removing himself and his sales pitch to the land of the golden fleece, Southern California. He began working for Forest Lawn, and in 1916 bought a controlling interest in the enterprise. He greatly expanded it, and set up the innovations that today make it the best-known burial ground in the world.

Forest Lawn's 303 acres contain, besides hundreds of thousands of graves, three churches—The Little Church of the Flowers (inspired by Grey's Elegy), the Church of the Recessional, and that favorite hitching and ditching spot of the movie colony, the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, which is a reproduction of Annie Laurie's church in Glencairn, Scotland.

Eaton's success with Forest Lawn set up an itch in the palms of hundreds of imitators, and in the late nineteen-twenties lawn-type cemeteries became as numerous as golf courses, though not as durable. The fly-by-night promoters of these cemeteries had made no provisions whatever for perpetual care of the cemetery land, and without interments to pay the cost of upkeep, most of it soon ran to weeds, the graves hidden beneath a sprawling jungle as dense as the Matto Grosso. This has also been true of thousands of tombstone cemeteries, especially in older sections of the country.

SO MANY of these cemeteries were run by the churches of the community, and relied for maintenance on the individual work of families whose members were buried there, or on "bees" in which the congregation would gather together and clean them up. Lot owners were permitted to erect their own headstones and monuments, and as a result the graveyards became a tipsy hodge-podge of stones and markers of varying sizes and shapes. This also resulted in a very flourishing business for the tombstone dealers. In many instances these monument dealers were merely stone cutters, but figured on the larger the monument the greater the price.

Because a Perpetual Care Trust Fund was not instituted to provide permanent care and maintenance, many of these cemeteries were neglected. Large numbers of them were abandoned and left to grow into weeds and tall grass. The monuments fell and the fences deteriorated. The relatives of those buried in them moved out of the neighborhood or died off themselves. Even among those families that stayed in the district, the third or fourth generation members thought it was carrying ancestor worship a little too far to ask them to mow the grass over their great-great uncle's grave.

As a result, local governments had to take over and provide funds, through taxation, for their upkeep. Today, people living in such communities, and there are thousands in the country, are forced to provide funds for the care of lots belonging to families that have died out or have moved away. Each year some of these cemeteries are destroyed. The stones are removed and the ground is once again given over to the use of the living. Where a dedicated, but neglected cemetery stood last year, a super-

Walker Press

A LAWN-TYPE cemetery, at London, Ont., . . . a wide panorama of close-cropped lawns broken by memorials, focal points for surrounding graves.

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market or a bank stands today.

Municipal cemeteries have almost always been subject to changes of administration, and politicians, some with a fear of ghosts as their only qualification, have been placed in charge of these cemeteries, with the expected results. Other non-profit organizations, such as churches, lodges and fraternal organizations, have also tried their hands at running burial grounds, many quite successfully and some, through poor management and inexperience, finding them a liability and a drain on current funds. The modern cemetery business is a highly specialized profession, and it should be under the control of experts, and run under new laws that will prohibit both fly-by-night promotion *and* the bankruptcy and neglect that has characterized so many cemeteries up to the present time.

BUT LET us return to the organization that set the dirt flying in the first place. Memorial Gardens Association (Canada) Ltd., operates under a Federal charter, holding two-thirds of the stock in its 12 operating companies which are situated in the cities mentioned earlier. These twelve operating companies rent architectural services from the Canadian parent company, which in turn buys engineering services and sales material from the American Memorial Gardens Incorporated of Kansas City. In addition, the Canadian company pays 1½ per cent of its sales revenue to E. L. Williams, as royalties for the right to use his method of operation.

The twelve operating companies are mainly sales organizations (new companies are coming into being constantly, and lately Regina, Victoria and Vancouver have been added to the roster) and at times as many as 35 or 40 salesmen have been employed to sell lots in one cemetery.

The Memorial Gardens Association has set up Perpetual Care Trust Funds to which monthly payments are made, and which last year were placed as follows: Canada Trust (five cemeteries), Royal Trust (seven cemeteries), and Guarantee Trust (one cemetery). This is paid at the rate of 15 per cent of the gross payments from customers. In addition to this the Memorial Gardens pays into the trust funds 10 per cent of the money paid for markers and corner stones. Even though it is exempt from taxation, this organization makes arrangements with the various municipalities to pay them annual grants in lieu of taxes.

Although figures differ per cemetery, the one that set off the explosion in the first place was a new development named Glendale Memorial Gardens, on the outskirts of Toronto. The faction opposed to lawn cemeteries began to grind the propaganda mills, and the daily papers jumped into the act with front-page picture spreads and headlines which accused the Memorial Gardens Association of everything from robbery to desecration of the dead. Glendale was described in the newspaper stories as 118 acres of cow pasture, which was true a year ago, but not today. What the newspaper writers had forgotten was that *all* cemeteries are cow pastures until they are developed.

The wild battle between the old and the new, as exemplified by Glendale Memorial Gardens and its opponents, is one that is sure to develop before long in most of the major Canadian cities, for today over 75,000 Canadian families are owners of lots in cemeteries controlled by Memorial Gardens Association.

Until last summer the Memorial Gardens Association had sold $1,600,000 worth of lots in the Toronto area (in two cemeteries, Resthaven Gardens and Glendale), and their customers numbered over 8,000 families. Ninety per cent of these customers purchased their lots on the instalment plan, a down payment and $5 to $10 a month being the usual arrangement. The lots were sold for $88.50 per space ($75 plus 15 per cent for perpetual care fund), with $177 for two adjoining spaces. Cheaper lots could also be had for as little as $57.50, while the price, under certain circumstances, in some cities goes as low as $34.50. While older tombstone cemeteries dig deeper graves and allow two bodies to be buried one on top of the other, the Memorial Gardens only allows one customer to a grave. Subsidiary costs being forgotten for a moment, it is cheaper to bury two people one on top of the other in an old-line cemetery, while it is aesthetically better, according to Memorial Gardens, to bury them side by side in a lawn cemetery.

The Memorial Gardens salesmen have been accused of high-pressuring their customers into buying cemetery lots they won't need for years. They counter this by pointing out that the lowest tactics of all are indulged in by those undertakers, tombstone salesmen and cemetery officials who grab the relatives of those who have recently died, taking them for everything they can when they are emotionally unable to put up any resistance at all.

The salesmen work on a percentage basis of 17 per cent of sales, and in Toronto last year their average earnings per week ran around $125. One salesman sold $3,800 worth of burial lots in a single week, even though the sales to individual families are usually limited to six burial spaces, in order to prevent buying on speculation by the customer.

The potential customer is approached in his or her home, usually in the evening when both the husband and wife are present, and is given a well-thought-out presentation that has been taught to the salesmen at classes of the sales manager's pep-talk type. With him he carries a sales agreement which he calls the Public Relations Final Agreement Form, which is filled out by the salesman from the answers given by the customer. This form carries space for the names of five other potential customers, which most people apparently are happy to supply. The customer is "approved" if he is in good health, has a permanent job, and the money to pay for a lot. In theory he is turned down because of financial insecurity, instability, or if he is believed to be buying for investment, but in actual practice few customers with the necessary cash for a down payment are let go.

Most of the sales are made to young Protestant married couples, as Roman Catholics and Jews prefer to be buried in their own burial grounds. These couples, after signing the final agreement form, are given a Protection Agreement, open to all under 65 years of age, which certifies that if the bread-winner should die before all payments are made, providing that one space is paid for, the lot is given free of all future payments to the bread-winner's survivors. Should the family move to another city in which there is a Memorial Gardens cemetery, a transfer can be made from the present city to the new one.

On completion of the purchase price, the customer receives a deed to the land, with no encumbrances or assessments. The individual lots are picked by the customer after the sale is made; he or she is taken to the cemetery, usually on Sundays (many families take the kids out for a car ride), and chooses the lot from a master plan of the cemetery. Many of the old-line cemeteries have 1,000 graves to the acre, but Glendale has been planned for 700 graves per acre.

After the lot is paid for the only other costs, at the time of death, are those for a bronze marker, which may run from $65 to $166 per single grave (markers are optional), and opening and closing of the grave. This "opening and closing", or digging and filling in, costs $50 per grave in the summer and $55 in the winter.

THE pre-need of cemetery lots is as modern a departure from the old methods of purchasing graves as hospital plans, medical services, and old-age pensions are from the old methods of paying for illness and old-age when it happened. J. H. Edwards, the general manager of Memorial Gardens Association (Canada) Ltd. says: "People save money under our plan by buying pre-need, out of current earnings rather than out of life savings, insurance, etc., after the death of a member of the family. They also save a considerable amount of money by not needing to buy a tombstone." (The National Association of Cemeteries of the U.S. and Canada has figured that monuments and tombstones cost from $125 to $2,000, with the average being $600.) "Undertakers and tombstone dealers have a tremendous psychological power over people following an immediate death in the family. The widows or widowers are filled with remorse when they contemplate the things they didn't do for the dead when they were alive. They splurge on a big funeral and monument to try to make it up to them. If we sell the public this service pre-need, and when they are capable of paying for it without dipping into savings or their insurance, is there anything wrong with that?"

As far as we are concerned, there isn't, but the undertakers, old-line cemetery officials and the tombstone dealers are fighting the encroachment on their preserves by the lawn-type companies with every weapon they have. On March 2, 1954, the Select Committee of the Ontario Legislature on Cemeteries tabled its report to the Ontario Parliament. We will give you the other side of the story in the next issue of this magazine.

The Amazing Mirror: Rescue by Camera

PART II: By HUGH CUDLIPP

ON January 25, 1904 the new product appeared, *The Daily Illustrated Mirror*, "a paper for men and women, the first halfpenny daily illustrated publication in the history of journalism", printing picture pages at 24,000 copies an hour. Its circulation trebled to 71,690, and reached 140,000 within a month.

Britain was a country of boisterous contrast in those days when the *Mirror* set out to record its affairs in photographs, pen-and-ink sketches and words. The paper's own pages tell the story:

Colonel Younghusband was marching to Lhasa to convince the Tibetans that they must not show disrespect to the British Raj. At one stage it was recorded that "the only offensive operations so far are the flogging of various porters who refused to march further; this was accomplished with so much success that order was immediately restored and the march continued unchecked".

LORD ROTHERMERE: Held command for seventeen years.

In the Aden hinterland Captain Lloyd-Jones and sixty men were surrounded by a thousand tribesmen and eight Britons were killed. Troops were fighting in Nigeria, and a desert force was busy cornering the Mullah in Somaliland.

Said a *Mirror* leader:

> That England is always at war shows an amount of energy and superabundant spirits that go a long way to demonstrate that we are not a decaying race. Three little wars going on, and the prospect of a large one looming before us, we take quite as a matter of course.

A month earlier there died in poverty the man who gave the word "jingo" to the language, Mr. G. W. Hunt. When the Russians had threatened our Middle East interests in 1877, he had written: "We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do. . ."

There were processions of unemployed; children worked long hours for a few pence a week—up at dawn delivering milk and out after dark delivering beer. Babies of four helped their mothers turn out matchboxes at twopence-halfpenny a gross. Women worked seventeen hours a day making artificial flowers for eight shillings a week; some men labored twelve hours on the railways for tenpence. . .

At the other end of the scale was a world of opulence, sables, orchids and folly.

When two men were fined £500 for keeping a gaming house in Belgravia the police found letters which showed that a leader of fashion had lost £1,500 in a single night at the tables. The game card was published when Lord James of Hereford went shooting with his friends in Hampshire: it showed 4,000 corpses, including 1,324 pheasants. Alfred Beit, the richest man in England, died; he had controlled business worth £100 million.

The young Marquis of Anglesey spent one million pounds in three years after inheriting his estates. A poet, two valets, a secretary and a hairdresser accompanied him on his travels, and his overcoat cost one thousand pounds.

Hamilton Fyfe asked in an editorial: "How long can this butterfly-dance continue, this frivolity and pleasure-seeking of Society?"

It was the age of Royalty and Debrett, impoverished English earls and American heiresses, breach of promise cases, Gaiety Girls and Stage Door Johnnies.

In the hurrying years the *Mirror* began to reach out and take up strange handfuls from the brantub of life.

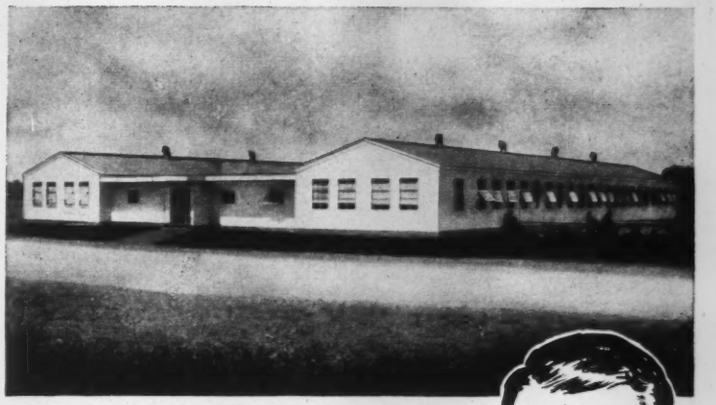
A headline proclaimed:

"SAVED BY STRONG CORSETS"

Three revolver shots had been fired at a lady who refused to return to her lover; her armor of whalebone and steel saved her life.

Introduction of mixed bathing at the seaside was celebrated by an offer to female readers of an elegant up-to-the-minute pattern for a combination skirt needing five-and-a-half yards of serge. Photographs disclosed a rear view of bathing belles glancing coyly over the left shoulder. Winning styles in a bathing dress contest were displayed on dolls.

The Times pioneered in hastening news, the *Mirror* in hastening pictures. Enterprising, courageous young cameramen like the Three Brothers Grant, Frank Magee, Armand Console, David McLellan, Graham Healey and Alexander Muirhead photographed wars and revolutions, earthquakes and shipwrecks, kings



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PERFECTLY FITTED FOR SPRING

Easter Parade LEATHER

Here's a smart gal. She's getting her spring outfit off to a flying start—and naturally she starts from the ground up with fine leather shoes. This is a delightful way to step into a new season. A clever way to give your whole wardrobe a refreshing fashion touch. Leather's innate elegance, glorious colors, exquisite textures impart a happy lilt to everything you own, everything you buy. And because leather gives you the utmost in value and quality, you can enjoy the luxury of fine leather shoes, belt or handbag and still cater to your practical self. To be sure you're putting your best foot forward this Easter, wear your new all-leather shoes, gloves and handbag.

THE BEST SHOES ARE MADE OF LEATHER

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Around the World

Duracleaning keeps Carpets & Furniture like NEW...

It's so convenient to let a Duraclean craftsman clean and revive your furnishings...and use them a few hours later.

Duraclean provides a new SAFETY for cleaning the finest upholstery, rugs, tacked-down carpeting...even antiques and twist weaves. No scrubbing No soaking. No shrinkage.

A mild aerated foam dissolves and takes out dirt, grease and many stains. Colors revive. Wool fibers re-enliven. Pile rises.

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Built upon satisfied customers

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DEALERS OF AMERICA

Watch local advertising, or write Duraclean Co., 4-754 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield Ill. for name of your Duraclean dealer.

and murderers, and travelled by Zeppelin, submarine, rickshaw and camel.

They scooped the Italian atrocities at Tripoli in 1911, ascended Mont Blanc in winter, descended into the crater of the erupting Vesuvius and crossed the Alps in a balloon!

Why? So that their paper could say: FIRST PICTURES, EXCLUSIVE.

Mr. Justice Ridley appeared on the front page, black cap on his head, sentencing to death a young clerk who had shot his sweetheart.

An unemployed man wrote to the Editor: "Thousands are starving like me. I want to be fed for certain and have a bit to give my wife and four youngsters. Give me just a chance—you can buy me as a slave if you like."

Flying Saucers—the joke of 1952 and 1953—are not new. Forty-three years ago the headlines were asking: ARE AIRSHIPS HOVERING OVER BRITAIN AT NIGHT? From seven districts came reports of "a mysterious cigar-shaped object hanging above the earth and emitting whirring noises".

Intrusion into grief? The *Mirror* made history by publishing a double-page picture of King Edward VII at rest, eyes closed, hands folded, and at his elbow a spray of white roses placed there by his Queen. Two million of the monarch's subjects bought the memorial number, and years later Hannen Swaffer told how the photograph was obtained. The scene moves to a public-house:

"In the Falstaff, the Friday after the monarch's death, I heard Sir Percival Phillips (famous as a war correspondent) telling another *Express* man that such a picture had been taken. They knew—but didn't go and get it! Next morning I sent Ivor Castle down to old man Downey, the Court photographer — I guessed he might be the man chosen to take it—to offer him £100 if he would go and ask Queen Alexandra if we could use it. 'It can only go in one paper, the *Mirror*,' said Alexandra, 'because that is my favorite.' So the finest news photograph the world has ever seen occupied the two centre pages of the *Daily Mirror*."

David McLellan caused a hullabaloo with his magnesium flash-powder when he tried to take the first night picture of Piccadilly Circus

No. 1 of

THE DAILY MIRROR

The First Daily Newspaper for Gentlewomen,

Will be issued on

MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2.

Those who desire Copies should give immediate Orders to their Newsvenders.

ONE PENNY.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd.

THE advertisement in "Punch" that announced the birth of the 1903 "Mirror".

Among the good things of life...

How supremely good Craven 'A' are! The world's largest selling cork-tip cigarette is so superb in flavour . . . so appealing in its fragrant friendliness. One of the very best of the good things of life – that's Craven 'A' – made from the world's costliest tobaccos.

CRAVEN PLAIN
without cork tip –
same fine quality as Craven 'A'

Craven 'A'
will not affect the throat
The largest selling cork-tip cigarette in the world

SUPERINTENDENT OF OPERATIONS
$7,600-$8,200
DEPARTMENTAL INSPECTOR
$7,600-$8,200
TWO ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS (ONE LEGAL)
$6,080-$7,000

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OTTAWA.

Details and application forms at your nearest Civil Service Commission Office, National Employment Office and Post Office.

CIVIL SERVICE OF CANADA

from Swan and Edgar's balcony. The powder was wrongly mixed, and a terrific explosion tore off a corner of the balcony and blew in fifty-two windows. Other newspapers next morning were speculating about "anarchist bombs in the heart of London".

New Year's Day was greeted with the perky banner-line: HULLO—HAPPY DAYS. The year was 1914.

The price of the paper went up to a penny in 1917, never to come down again. George Bernard Shaw wrote: "Why not make it a shilling?"

Harold Harmsworth, first Lord Rothermere, and brother of Northcliffe, died in 1940.

In 1914, when he became chief proprietor of the *Mirror*, the average daily net sale was 1,210,354; public interest in the declaration of war stimulated newspaper sales. In 1931 whea he sold the last of his *Mirror* shares on the Stock Exchange the average daily net sale had sorrowfully slumped to 987,080, with a one-day "low" of 829,704. The result of seventeen years of editorial activity failed even to maintain the *status quo*.

Yet the *Mirror-Pictorial* companies under his direction handled millions of pounds, and investments became more important and lucrative than the paper itself. Publication could have been abandoned with the company still flourishing on the income from its subsidiary operations. How all this came to pass is one of the newspaper industry's fascinating sagas.

In 1904, the year after the paper was born, the copyright was acquired from the *Daily Mail* Publishing Company Limited by Pictorial Newspaper Company Limited.

This company was liquidated in 1910, when Pictorial Newspaper Company (1910) Limited was formed with the same directors.

The public applied for nearly a million shares, more than twice the number offered: such was the magic of its founder's name.

In January, 1914 it was announced that the impetuous Northcliffe was "anxious to concentrate his energies and limit his activities", and that he had sold the *Mirror* to his brother. The price, said Bernard Falk, who knew both men well, was £100,000—the sum the founder had lost in the early hapless days.

Rothermere as chief proprietor held command for seventeen years. A financier was at the helm. There is no doubt that he inherited a popular newspaper, and that its conduct on skilful lines would have ensured an expanding future with the public; he also inherited a problem in accountancy.

Little could be done with the paper in a business sense during the war which began eight months after the new proprietor's enthronement, but there was one direction in which Rothermere could and did exhibit enterprise. On March 14, 1915 he launched the *Sunday Pictorial*, the first Sunday picture paper; it was conceived in a rush, deliberately planned to forestall a new Hulton publication due to appear a fortnight later. The first number sold over a million, and its immediate and continued success established the firm's financial strength.

(This is the second of eight excerpts from the highly successful book by Hugh Cudlipp, "Publish and Be Damned"—pp. 292 indexed—S. J. Reginald Saunders—$2.75. The third instalment will appear in next week's issue.)

•

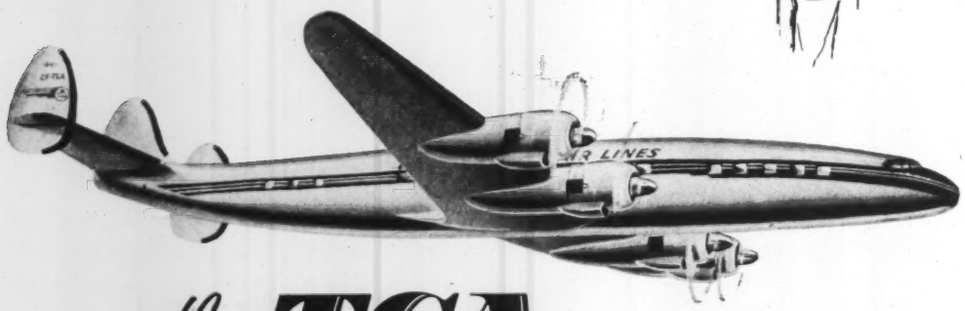
Good Friday Morning

Each day and hour the bleeding
Christ goes forth
To his tormentors on this stricken
earth;
Each day the brazen trumpets south
and north
Announce His Body's death, His
Love's rebirth.
Let us keep watch, who know, this
grim third hour
That in Gethsemane we kneel with
Him
And share the appointed Cup of
death's full power,
Helpless to shield Faith's lamp that
flickers dim.

And yet, when all is past, the thirst
and pain,
The passion, the dark slow passing of
this day,
Dare we not hope that men may
come again
Out of Death's other kingdom where
he lay,
All mortal evil shed, all hurtful stain,
When from all hearts the stone is
rolled away!

NATHANIEL A. BENSON

fly the finest...



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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

Ottawa Letter

Plenty of Work Ahead for Parliament

By John A. Stevenson

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS has been making steady, if somewhat slow, progress with the dispersal of its sessional program, but only a fraction of the estimates has been dealt with, and with the debate on the Budget under way, prorogation before the end of May now seems unthinkable.

One feature of the present session has been the abnormal inquisitiveness of the opposition. Scarcely a day passes that there are not at least 50 written questions on the order papers and, when the orders of the day are called, Ministers have often to spend half an hour answering a flood of oral questions. Naturally they do not take kindly to such persistent inquisition about their activities and views, and some of them show their resentment by their demeanor and the curtness of their replies, and even descend to rudeness as Mr. Pickersgill did in answering a question by George Hees (PC, Toronto Broadview) about the projected visit of the Duchess of Kent.

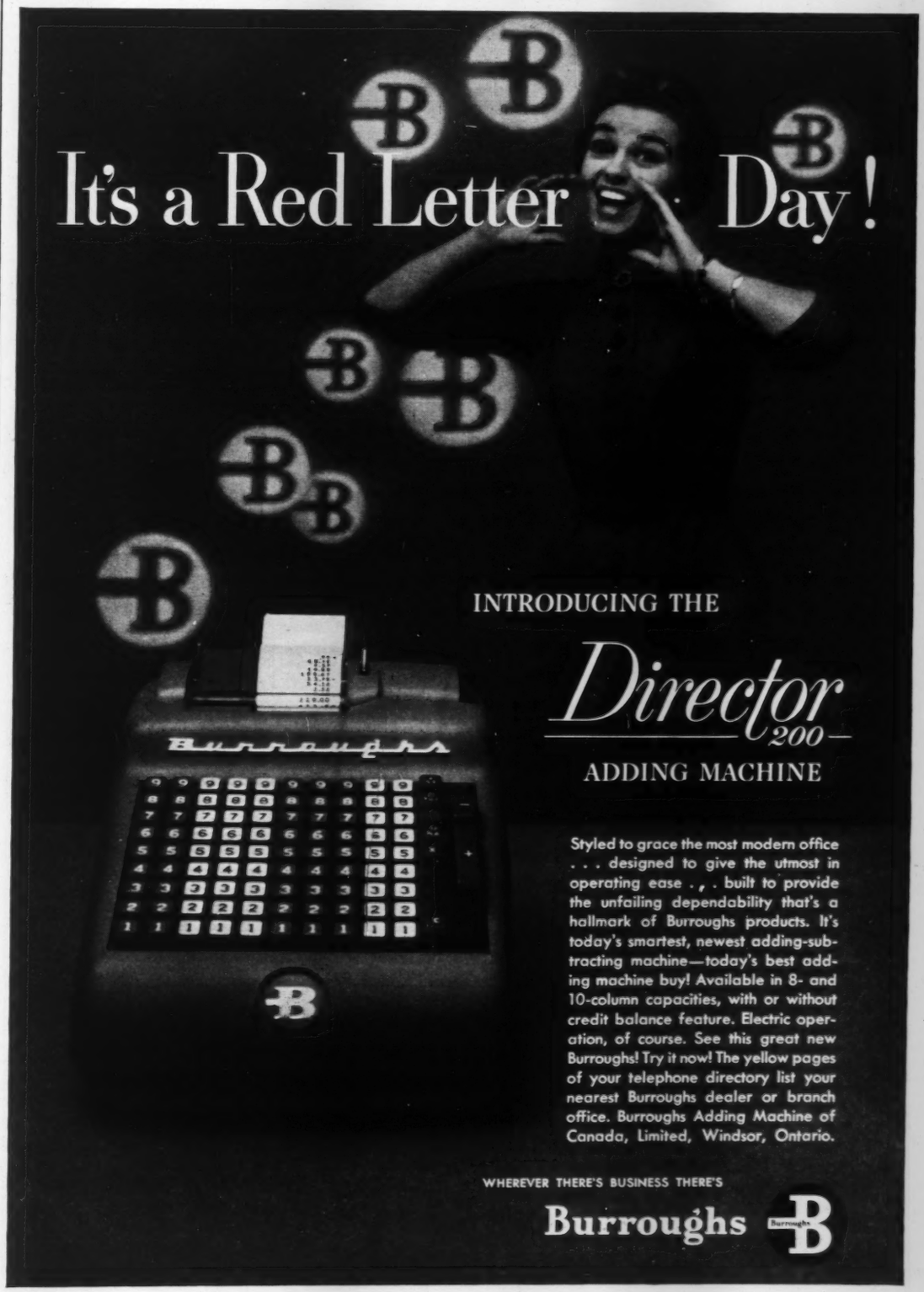
Some further headway has been made with the revision of the Criminal Code, but E. D. Fulton (PC, Kamloops) failed to persuade the Minister of Justice that heavy fixed penalties for the distribution of salacious literature in Canada were desirable. The banking and commerce committee has been meeting regularly to dissect the banking legislation before it, and there have been some illuminating discussions of the fundamental principles of the banking and monetary policies that have been pursued in recent years.

The debate on foreign policy supplied further evidence that the present House of Commons is much more alive to the importance of foreign affairs than any of its predecessors, and better equipped to discuss them with informed intelligence. Good speeches were contributed from the Liberal benches by Allan Fraser (L., St. John's, Nfld.), a new member, who is a Professor of History, and Elmore Philpott (L., Vancouver), and from the ranks of the opposition by Mr. Fulton and H. W. Herridge (CCF, Nakusp, BC), who was adamant against the rearmament of Western Germany. In winding up the debate in a lengthy speech, Mr. Pearson tried manfully and with considerable success to refute the arguments of his critics, but the only new ground that he broke was his appraisement as "propaganda traps" of the proposals of Russia to joint NATO. The debate was not unprofitable, but far too much time was spent by the participants on the recognition of Communist China to the neglect of other problems.

The debate revealed that emotional prejudices and biases are still allowed free play to vitiate an impartial understanding of grim realities. The crisis in the affairs of mankind created by the recent disclosures of the terrifying, destructive potentialities of the hydrogen bomb is so serious that it behooves all politicians, who have any responsibility for the policies of their countries, to keep their emotional processes under restraint and give impartial consideration to the tremendous problem now facing the world, the elimination of all possibility of atomic warfare.

One essential need of the day is that politicians of all parties, here in Canada and elsewhere, should frankly recognize the existence of these emotional biases, should struggle against them and prevent them from corrupting their mental processes. Such a modification of outlook must involve for many the shedding of loyalty to long-cherished beliefs, but such a sacrifice ought to be outweighed by consideration for the general welfare of mankind. The suspension of rooted prejudices and biases inevitably entails a moral effort of a very exacting kind. Yet politicians who had the courage and wisdom to make it would find that their prestige and authority would be increased to a degree that would surprise them.

Agricultural problems have receiv-


It's a Red Letter Day!
INTRODUCING THE
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ADDING MACHINE
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Styled to grace the most modern office . . . designed to give the utmost in operating ease . . . built to provide the unfailing dependability that's a hallmark of Burroughs products. It's today's smartest, newest adding-subtracting machine—today's best adding machine buy! Available in 8- and 10-column capacities, with or without credit balance feature. Electric operation, of course. See this great new Burroughs! Try it now! The yellow pages of your telephone directory list your nearest Burroughs dealer or branch office. Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario.
WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S
Burroughs

ed less attention this session than might have been expected, but intelligible worries about them have brought Mr. Gardiner to a comparatively quiescent mood and caused Mr. Howe to shed some of his wonted jauntiness.

Statistics just published about the gross value of the production of Canada's principal field crops in 1953 place it at $1,665 million, which represents a decline of $272 million, or about 13 per cent, from the comparable value of $1,937 million reported for 1952. Moreover, various portents indicate a further decline in the value of farm production in 1954 unless there is a sudden reversal of present trends.

Mr. Howe had to plead that officials concerned with the marketing of grain should be excused from appearing before a committee of the Commons on the ground that they were "being run ragged" in efforts to sell the huge wheat crop of 1953 in as difficult a year as had been experienced for a long time. Then about a week later he had to admit ruefully that the United States Government, on the advice of its Tariff Commission, had imposed a severe restriction upon imports of Canadian rye, whose volume, now running at the rate of about 9 million bushels per annum, will be thereby reduced to 3 1/3 million bushels until the end of the crop year 1954-55, when the situation will be reviewed. Mr. Howe pronounced the quota a technical breach of the provisions of GATT, to which the United States subscribed, but took the lighthearted view that the loss of $8 million worth of export trade did not justify a complaint to the governing body of GATT.

Our Senators have been enjoying comparative leisure this session, simply because so little legislation has been sent up to them from the House of Commons. But the mill of the divorce committee of the Senate has been busier than ever before grinding out divorces to residents of Quebec and Newfoundland, the only provinces whose courts do not handle such cases. According to Senator Roebuck, the chairman of this committee, it had this session 462 petitions for divorce filed with it and has recommended 372 divorces, refused 3 and has still to hear 12 cases, while 14 were withdrawn and 61 have been held over till next session; the comparable figures for last session were 344 petitions, 282 divorces, 3 rejections, 12 withdrawals and 47 postponements. Only 6 rejections as compared with 654 grants of divorce in two sessions suggest that our Senatorial experts on matrimonial problems are not reluctant to free unhappily mated persons from their bonds.

The deficit in the operations of the parliamentary restaurant is an ancient problem at Ottawa and it is once more attracting attention. The present session has witnessed a marked improvement in the quality of its cuisine, and its generous patronage by members of both Houses, their families and other habitués of Parliament Hill who are given its privileges is intelligible; nowhere else in Ottawa can they get such good meals for such modest charges—50 cents for breakfast, $1 for lunch and $1 for dinner. A cafeteria which serves the staff offers three-course luncheons and dinners, at the cheap price of 65 cents.

Naturally, the overhead costs of restaurants, which operate for less than half of the year, are relatively higher than those of similar establishments, which are open the whole year, but, on the other hand the diningrooms on Parliament Hill had their equipment provided free of charge and have no rent or bills for lighting to pay. So there is justifiable curiosity as to why in 1954 the deficit in the accounts of the parliamentary restaurants was about $64,000 and in 1953 about $72,000. After making allowance for the patrons who are not members of Parliament, these losses must represent an annual secret subsidy of at least $150 per annum to every member of both Houses. Now that their sessional remuneration has been increased to $10,000, this additional perquisite out of public funds seems indefensible.

On this point, several members of all parties are agreed and they have prevailed over objectors, who see no need for any fuss about the deficits, and secured the appointment of a special committee to inquire into the operations of the dining rooms. Data about the prices paid for supplies of food in 1954, such as $1.55 per lb. for beef tenderloin and $1.35, $1.50 and 88 cents per lb. respectively for frozen brussels sprouts, spinach and green beans suggest that certain fortunate caterers have been doing a highly profitable business and that there has been inefficient stewardship of public funds.

They helped Canada grow
John Cabot * Henry VII
I BESEECH THEE SIRE TO LET ME SEEK THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE TO THE FABULOUS ISLES OF THE EAST
WE REQUIRE THEE THEN TO SET FORTH UPON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY!
WE, THE MERCHANTS OF BRISTOL, WISH THEE EVERY SUCCESS.
HENRY VII instructed his "well beloved John Cabot" to "seeke out whatsoever isles, countries, regions or provinces of the heathens or infidels, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." Without Henry's backing, Cabot might never have discovered Canada.
On May 1, 1497 Cabot sailed from Bristol, then second only to London as a great English port. The merchants of Bristol, eager to expand their trade, equipped Cabot's ship, the Mathew, though it was the King of England who financed the voyage, for he was very eager for his country to expand.
For two months the Mathew tossed on the high seas. Cabot could navigate only by the compass—which does not always point due north. Hence he headed slightly southwest instead of west, and so made his great discovery.
THEY DO SAY THE WORLD IS ROUND, FATHER BUT FORSOOTH I FEAR WHAT MAY BETIDE.
HAVE FAITH, SON E'ER LONG WE SHOULD SIGHT LAND.
I PROCLAIM FOR THE KING OF ENGLAND DOMINION, TITLE AND JURISDICTION OVER THESE LANDS.
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Foreign Affairs

Soviet NATO Bid No April Fool's Joke

By Willson Woodside

THE HEADLINE might just as well have been "Al Capone Applies to Join RCMP". One looked quizzically at the date, April 1, and then back at the headline: Soviets Offer to Join NATO. But there was a dispatch from overseas to back it up. It was a serious (?) proposal, tied to Molotov's Berlin Conference proposal of an All-Europe Security Pact. Originally, the U.S. was to be excluded from this; and indeed it appeared to be a device to get the U.S. out of Europe. But neither the European people nor the American congressmen were as eager for this deliverance as the Kremlin may have hoped. So now the U.S. was to be invited to join the Soviet's All-Europe Pact, while Russia would join the Atlantic Pact.

It was not much more than a poor joke to most people on this continent; the mobster, having looted branch banks by the dozen, was brazenly demanding a key to the head office vault. But this is a deadly serious manoeuvre, and it has been taken seriously in Europe. It is closely tied in with the granting of "sovereignty" to East Germany and the continuing French debate on ratification of the European Army treaty. It is also a play to all those people in the West who snatch at any hope of avoiding the rearmament of Germany.

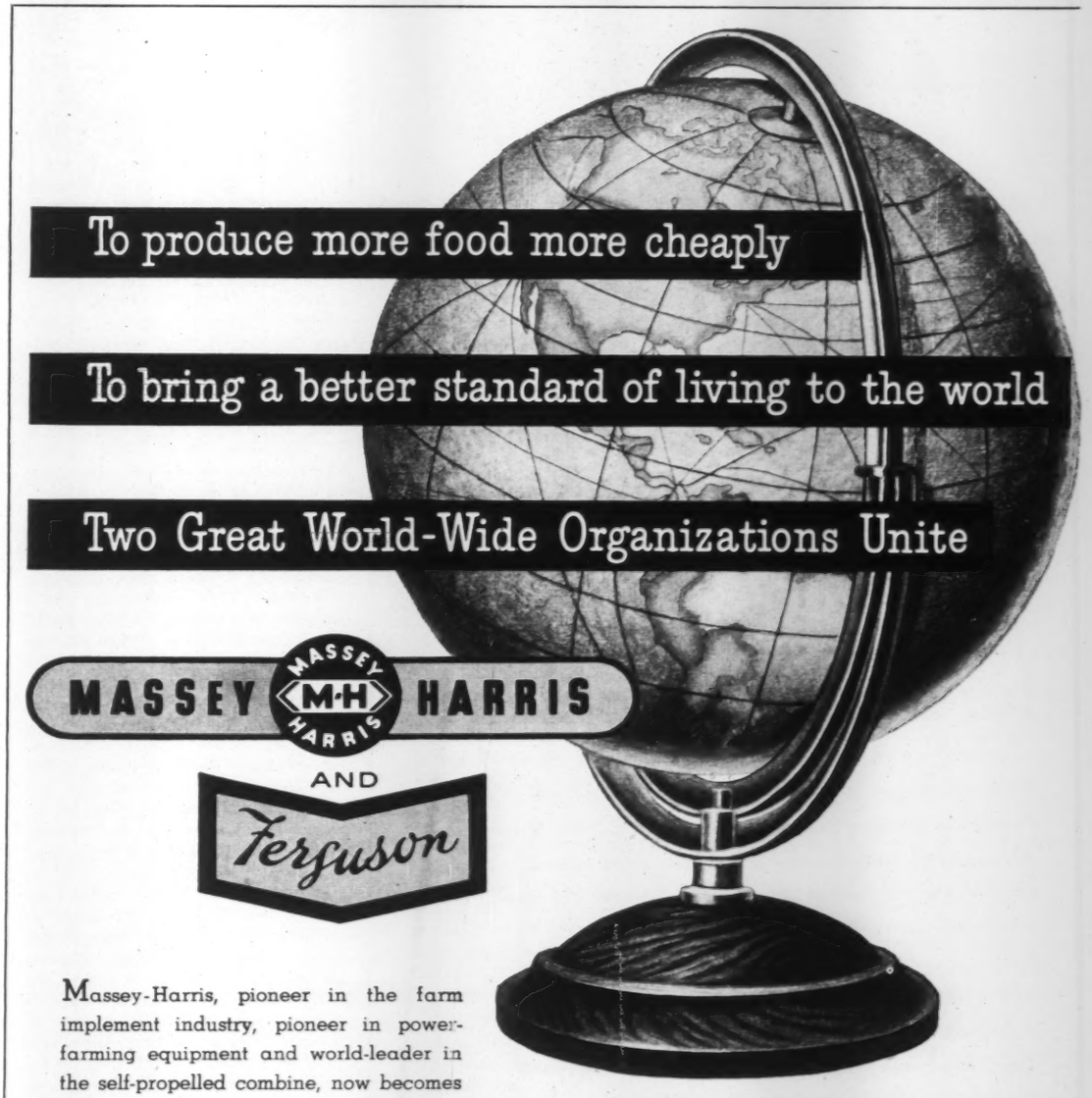
The Soviet aim is to head off the European Army, to break France and Italy out of the Western alliance, and get U.S., British and Canadian forces out of Europe. The tactics are to offer an alternative to the European Army in the shape of the All-Europe Security Pact, just sufficient to decide the EDC debate in France and Italy, and to rekindle all the old fear of Germany among her neighbors and former enemies. The Soviets do not even stop short of rekindling German nationalism itself—playing with the very fire they say they fear—to give more point to their argument.

They grant "sovereignty" to East Germany, stirring a natural demand among West Germans for sovereignty of their own. But at the same time Soviet policy delays the French ratification of the EDC treaty, which, as already arranged, would give West Germany its sovereignty. The Soviets, no doubt, are happy over the holler which this is already raising in West Germany over the need for a new grant of sovereignty quite separate from EDC, and the prospect of another long wrangle between the Americans and British on the one hand and the French on the other, over ending the occupation regime and "setting Germany free".

With their ingrained suspicion, the Russians could never believe that anything we plan could be good for them. Actually, the French scheme for a European Army and the Adenauer policy of damping German nationalism in a European union are both attempts to deal basically with that German threat which the Russians profess to fear, and probably do fear, so much.

It is no breach of security to say that, within the space of a few weeks last fall, the British Chief of Staff, the unofficial German Chief of Staff, the Secretary-General of NATO, also a distinguished general, and the Italian Chief of Staff, all declared to me in more or less the same terms that the European Army was probably not the best military solution, but was a political necessity. It is widely felt in Western European military circles that the proposed European Army will be an awkward formation to handle.

One would think that the Soviets would welcome this. For what are they getting by their efforts to block the European Army and inflame the distrust of France and Germany's other neighbors, and bring down the Adenauer Goverment? They are promoting a revival of German nationalism—something which needed little enough encouragement with the revival of German economic strength and feeling of rapidly growing power. The most reputable conservative paper in Germany, the *Frankfurter Allge-*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Herblock in "Washington Post"

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meine, wrote in connection with Adenauer's recent Balkan visit, that a new military alliance should be created, with Germany as the "strategic centre", and including Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey.

The leading conservative paper of West Berlin, the *Tagespiegel*, called for "extension of the line Bonn-Athens-Ankara to Madrid". These are the only spots on the map of Europe free of Communism, the paper said, and these are all countries with which the United States has military ties. A German-U.S. bilateral pact, along the lines of the U.S.-Spanish treaty, would complete the alliance, which would become a part of the Western defence framework.

Dr. Adenauer has warned the members of his coalition against irresponsible discussion of alternatives to EDC, and against inciting anti-German circles in the West to argue that the Germans are still the same. He reaffirmed as the chief aim of his policy the ending of the historic rivalry with France and promotion of a West European union.

But it is going to be increasingly difficult for Adenauer to keep his people in line, prepared, among other things, to accept a European solution for the Saar in order to realize the EDC, while the French are backing away from it. The Marshal Juin affair seems bound to bring the whole thing to a head, though it is by no means certain that his active opposition ensures the collapse of the EDC in France. The manner in which he defied the civilian authority, and his open alliance with Weygand and de Gaulle, could put up the back of the Assembly and send up once again the warning cry against the "man on horseback". Were Laniel not so very unpopular, he might be able to use the Juin affair to push through the EDC treaty.

It was into this cauldron of confusion and growing bitterness that the Soviets tossed their proposal for joining NATO and setting up a new all-Europe security system which would leave Germany disarmed. It may not have had the slightest impact on America, but it will make itself felt in Europe.

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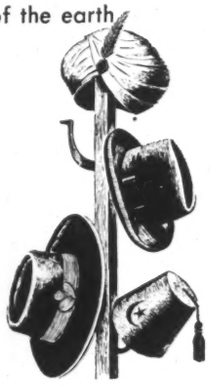

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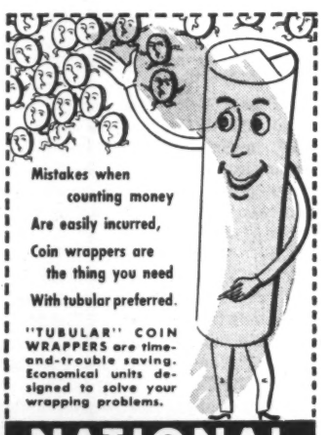

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Lighter Side

Spelling Match

By Mary Lowrey Ross

THE THOMPSONS and the Willoughbys had started off the evening with scotch and soda and a discussion of Senator McCarthy. Everything had been going forward genially on a flow of good spirits and shared animosity when Mr. Willoughby, leaning forward, had announced: "Well, I'll tell you, McCarthy is just another of those bad ideas we're always importing from across the line. Take Deweyism for instance."

"Now there I'd be inclined to disagree," Mr. Thompson said. "You take our Camilla. She's been in progressive schools since she was three and even if she doesn't know her Latin roots, she can cook, she reads the papers, she's socially adjusted—"

"That's not what I mean," Mr. Willoughby said, setting down his glass. "Education should be a leading-out." He paused. "From the Latin, *duco*, I lead."

"Goodness, I thought Duco was a gloss-finish paint," Mrs. Thompson said.

"She's captain of the basketball team, and she's one of the editors of the school magazine," Mr. Thompson went on.

"Jokes editor," Mrs. Thompson said.

"Can she spell?" Mr. Willoughby asked coldly.

"Of course she can spell!" Mrs. Thompson said. "She's been taking word-recognition since she was three."

"What's the use of word-recognition when all they read is comics?" Mr. Willoughby said. "Remember, I've got two of my own." He waved his glass. "Blondie- and Dagwood-recognition, L'il Abner-recognition, Popeye-recognition."

Mr. Thompson looked at him thoughtfully. "How about you? Can you spell?"

"Certainly I can spell," Mr. Willoughby said.

"All right then, spell whisky," said his host.

"W-h-i-s-k-e-y," Mr. Willoughby said promptly.

"Wrong," said Mr. Thompson and turned the bottle round triumphantly. "Old McTavish Whisky. W-h-i-s-k-y."

"That's just an Americanism," Mr. Willoughby said.

"You crazy?" Mr. Thompson said. "This whisky came from Scotland."

"Look, couldn't we get back to Senator McCarthy?" Mrs. Thompson said. "The Senator is less—embarrassing."

Mrs. Willoughby laughed nervously. "It's probably the first time in history that the Senator was described as less embarrassing than anything."

Mr. Thompson pounced. "Spell embarrassing," he said.

Mrs. Willoughby hesitated. "Well, I know there are two m's—no, how silly, two r's—"

Camilla had wandered in from the kitchen. She wore jeans and an oversize white cotton jersey emblazoned "Camp Wa-Ha-Ha". Her blonde hair was sweetly tangled, but her eyes were grave and calm. She looked socially adjusted beyond words.

"Spell embarrassment, Camilla," Mr. Thompson said.

"E-m-b-a-r-r-a-s-s-m-e-n-t," spelled Camilla, and going over to the table found a copy of *Little Iodine* under the magazines and sat down on the floor.

"It's really a question of all-*round* development," Mrs. Thompson said. "As the Progressive people put it, the whole child goes to school."

"Yes, and it's the whole parent who has to sit down every evening and do the whole child's homework," Mr. Willoughby said. He looked wrathful and warm. "The whole trend of modern education is anti-intellectual, anti-cultural, anti-educational," he said, and waved aside the bottle. "No thanks, no more for me."

"Well, you can't change it, so there's no point in having a haemorrhage over it," Mr. Thompson said.

"Haemorrhage, h-a-e-m-o-r-r-h-a-g-e," said Camilla without looking up from *Little Iodine*.

Mrs. Willoughby got up. "I really think we'll have to be going."

"Well, it's been an interesting discussion," Mr. Thompson said. "We ought to take a vote on it just for the minutes—"

"I'm still against Deweyism, even if Camilla can spell haemorrhage," Mr. Willoughby said.

"I'm not," Mrs. Thompson said, "I'm with Dewey all the way."

"With," Mr. Thompson said. "How about you, Camilla?"

"Whith," Camilla said, "W-h-i-t-h."

There was a startled silence. Then Mr. Thompson said. "Are you kidding? You know there is no 'h' in with."

Camilla considered. "Why, I always spell it with an 'h'," she said.

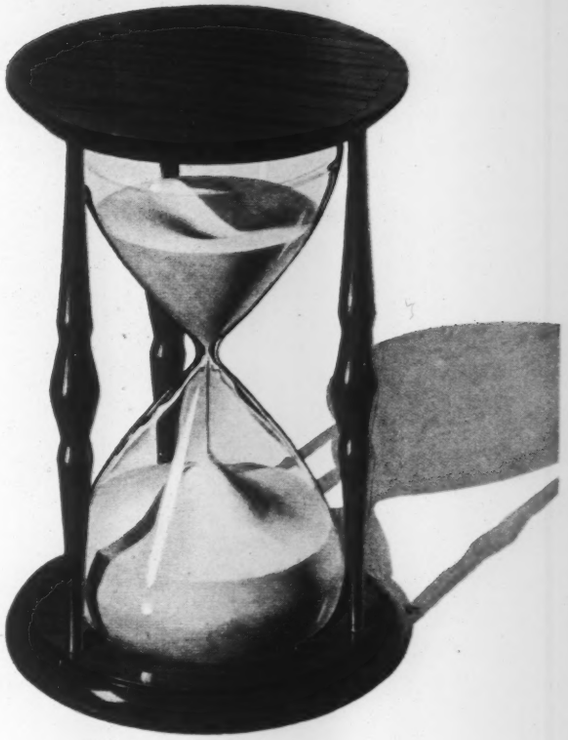
"Go to bed, Camilla," Mr. Thompson said.

"But Daddy, I just wanted—"

"Look, will you beat it to bed when you're told?" Mr. Thompson said.

The guests moved out to the hall and said good-night.

"Word-recognition!" Mr. Willoughby said as the door closed. " 'With' with an 'h', ha, ha, ha!" And cocking his hat he skipped down the steps like a man restored.



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3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

These danger signals do not mean that a person necessarily has cancer. Indeed, many people who suspect they have the disease find, upon examination, that they do *not* have cancer. However, the danger signals do indicate that something is wrong, which you should have checked by your doctor.

Being on the alert for cancer's warning signs is your responsibility in the drive for early cancer detection. In fact, Canadian authorities estimate that early cancer treatment saves the lives of thousands of our people in Canada each year, and many thousands could be saved if more people were aware of the danger signals of cancer.

Unfortunately, cancer often develops silently without noticeable symptoms. Here too, there is a safeguard—periodic medical examinations. These are particularly important for all men and women who have reached the ages of 40 and 35 respectively. The value of these examinations is underscored by the fact that half of all cancers occur in body sites that the doctor can readily examine.

You can deprive cancer of its greatest ally simply by acting promptly, should any of its warnings occur.

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Books

Terry's Aunt

By Robertson Davies

SINCE 1936, when his excellent farce *French Without Tears* first appeared on the London stage, Terence Rattigan has been a successful playwright. His collected plays have now appeared in two volumes, and in the prefaces which he writes for them he tells us how happy this publication has made him; the appearance of a collected edition is far more a sign of success for a playwright than it is, for instance, in the case of a writer of short stories. I do not propose to say anything about the plays, for theatre critics have already said all that is needful. But I welcome this chance to comment on the two prefaces, which are full of interest and common sense.

Although Mr. Rattigan is not so foolish as to apologize for his success, he seems to feel some compulsion to explain and justify it. He has come in for his share of abuse from critics who have pointed out that he has no sense of poetry, and that the language of his plays is commonplace. There have been critics, also, who have not scrupled to suggest that first - rate plays could not be so successful as, for instance, *The Winslow Boy* or *The Browning Version*. I will have nothing to do with criticism of this sort, for I can see no sense in abusing a writer for what he is not, and what he does not pretend to be. Mr. Rattigan is an excellent commercial playwright, and anyone who has tried his hand at it knows how hard it is to achieve that stature. He is, I think, a better playwright than Noel Coward, and a man who may fittingly be named with Pinero. He is one of the few modern masters of the well-made play.

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TERENCE RATTIGAN.

With more modesty than is strictly necessary, Mr. Rattigan says that virtually anybody can learn to write an actable play; those of us who have read a good many unacted plays know how many talented people, with interesting things to say in the theatre, simply will not learn to write for the stage; I would revise his opinion thus —anybody who is prepared to undergo the necessary, and by no means trivial, mental discipline may learn to write an actable play. My revision rules out a very large number of writers, some of whom obstinately aspire to success in the theatre.

Mr. Rattigan has subjected himself to this discipline. He writes, he tells us, painstakingly, and with due regard for the rules of play-making as he knows them. He writes also with a watchful eye on the average capricious playgoer, whom he calls Aunt Edna. And what has been his reward? His plays have, in most cases, been spectacularly successful in the commercial theatre, and they are so sturdy that even rough amateur performances cannot rob them of more than half their effect. If he has fallen short of artistry, he tells us, he has never been guilty of bad craftsmanship. And in addition to what can be learned, he lays claim also to that mysterious quality "a sense of theatre".

Mr. Rattigan cannot explain all that he means by this phrase, and in this he is no worse off than Aristotle, who could not explain it either. Aristotle, like Terence Rattigan, had to be content with saying that while anyone can learn what is desirable in a play, the best plays are written by men with a special gift for the work. Such men know, without studying the matter too closely, how to "fetch" an audience. Mr. Rattigan explains this theatre sense with instances from *Hamlet, Lear, The Duchess of Malfi, Ghosts* and plays of similar classic quality. In this I think he is pretending a little. The sense of the theatre is just as surely revealed by the author of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, in the great scene where his disguised sleuth reveals himself with the thrilling words, "I am Hawkshaw, the detective!" The sense of theatre is an attribute of dramatists on all levels. Canada's dramatic classic, *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*, is full of it.

Further, a dramatist may succeed —though I do not think that he can ever belong to the first class—without a strong sense of theatre. T. S. Eliot appears to lack this quality utterly; offhand, I cannot recall a real "moment" in any of his plays. On the other hand, Emlyn Williams appears to have the sense of the theatre in excess, and his plays are a succession of thrilling "moments", without ever

achieving any powerful or lasting effect.

The sense of the theatre need not be confined to the playhouse. Dickens possessed it in the highest degree, and it is not the least of his achievements as an artist that he was able to keep it under control. His novels are filled with striking, thrilling, sudden effects of comedy or pathos, and the reader who abandons himself to the novels (and it is not fair to read Dickens coldly) is moved time and again, exactly as he might be in a theatre. Dickens wrote most of his novels in parts for monthly publication; each part is a carefully constructed drama in itself, mounting by a series of climaxes to a cliff-hanger ending, which left his earliest readers panting for the next instalment. No English writer except Shakespeare has ever possessed the sense of the theatre in greater fullness, and it is a paradox that Dickens's few plays are poor in this quality.

In claiming a sense of the theatre for himself Mr. Rattigan is fully within his rights. Nobody would deny it to him. Nobody would deny him craftsmanship or humor. Critics might deny that he had any particularly individual vision of life, or any special depth of insight; indeed, it is plain from his prefaces that they have denied him these gifts, and that they have caused him some pain by doing so. He frankly admits that he pays attention to critics. And as that is the case, the present critic offers the following advice: at 43, which is Mr. Rattigan's present age, the intellect and the emotions are not ossified; indeed, they may just be moving toward their fullest maturity and power; a collected edition of a playwright's work need not be a gravestone raised over his achievement—it may also be a milestone pointing toward something much better; Mr. Rattigan has great ability and industry and has shown himself to be capable of notable improvement; why should he not improve in the depth and scope of his work, as in the past he has so greatly improved in its technique? Mr. Rattigan surely has every reason to be optimistic. He need not continue as Aunt Edna's favorite nephew unless he chooses.

Dorothy Parker's latest play, *The Ladies of the Corridor*, did not stay long enough on Broadway to be accounted a success; nevertheless, we must keep the standards of Broadway in proper perspective, or we shall have little theatre worth the name. This is a fine and sensitive play, about the problems of women in middle life who find themselves with freedom and money, but without emotional satisfaction. The story is an old one: an attractive middle-aged widow falls in love with a man younger than herself, and loses him because she is too demanding. The scene of the play is one of those hotels in which women collect, and in which some women become movie-going, magazine-reading harpies, jealous and bitter. An admirable sub-plot deals with the destruction of a man's life by his possessive mother; another sub-plot, less successful, concerns a woman whose marriage has failed and who becomes a chronic boozer.

The play is sharp and often brilliant in dialogue, and although the construction is made rather loose by the sub-plots, it must have been effective on the stage. But I doubt if Aunt Edna liked it. It cuts a little too near the bone for Aunt Edna, who goes to the theatre for a good laugh, but never at her own expense. And as for emotion! —Aunt Edna hates to be made to feel deeply.

Reading the words of a musical comedy is a strange experience. I have not seen *Wonderful Town*, the musical founded on *My Sister Eileen*, but I have read it faithfully, and I am prepared to believe that it was a lively show. My sensations, as I read, were somewhat those of a stone-deaf man at the theatre, whose palm is being tapped by a kind friend who is thus giving him a rough notion of what is to be heard, without tune or rhythm. An interesting experience, but somewhat lacking in the sense of theatre which we all value so much, and which no one seems able to describe in words.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF TERENCE RATTIGAN—in two volumes—pp. 818 and two prefaces—*British Books*—*$3.50 per volume.*

THE LADIES OF THE CORRIDOR, by Dorothy Parker and Arnaud d'Usseau—pp. 120—*Macmillan*—*$3.00.*

WONDERFUL TOWN, by Jerome Chodorov and others — pp. 173 — *Random House* — *$3.00.*

In Brief

DIGBY—by David Walker—pp. 254—*Collins* —*$2.75.*

What happens when a braw Boston brahmin takes a Highland fling? At forty-one, Digby P. Ross took off for his ancestral Scotland to break the monotony of big-business American life that was stale, flat and unprofitable in every way except financially. His holiday in a Scottish glen limbered him up physically and mentally and taught him a few things about living in a way that keeps the reader in a trance of amusement.

Mr. Walker's humor is firmly founded in character, human behavior, and the clever exploitation of language; it carries the completely artificial story along with unflagging impetus.

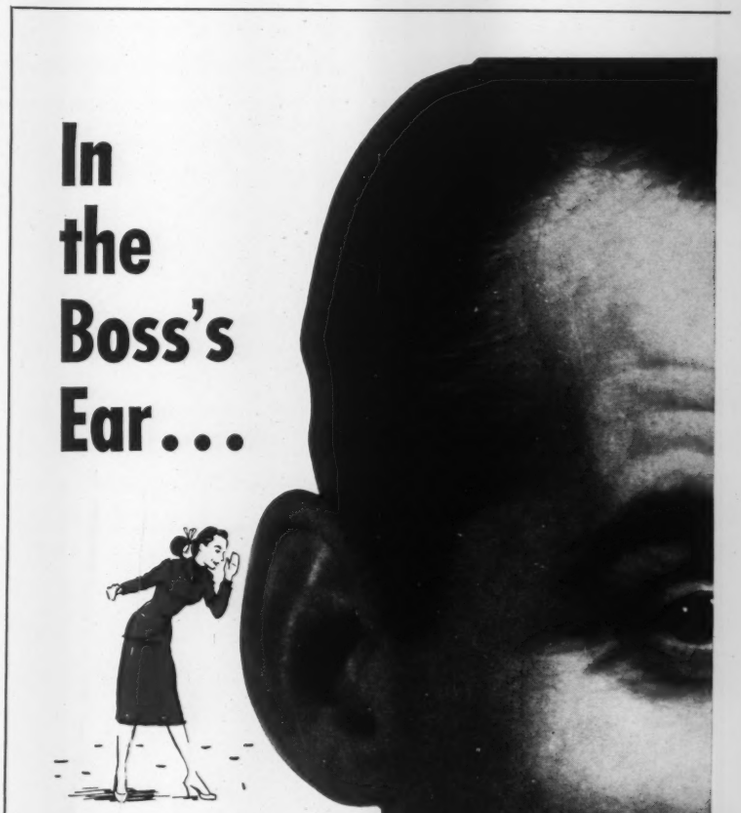
Digby can be recommended with enthusiasm as good entertainment.

POETIC PROCESS: An Essay in Poetics—by George Whalley—pp. 239, index—*British Book Service*—*$4.25.*

Inquiry into the nature of artistic experience in every age has been attended by both mystery and mystification, and some of the first words said on the subject have remained some of the best words. Many hints have been given by the artists themselves, but much of this evidence has been fragmentary or oblique. The question remains: "What makes a poem?"

Dissatisfied with the answers given by abstract methods of inquiry, Mr. Whalley has boldly searched for his answer in the facts of the artist's experience. He wisely insists on the term "essay" to describe his book, for this is a subject on which only essays can be written. Mr. Whalley's method is to work, as he believes the artist does, by singling out certain statements or accounts which are recognized as "fruitful". These he accepts and examines in the light of other established opinions, methods, and conclusions. Mr. Whalley's witnesses are a rich variety of artists and philosophers, a variety which, combined with Mr. Whalley's own metaphorical style and rather "romantic" vehemence of expression, tends to blur his discussion of art and religion and his definition of "reality".

The aesthetic core of Mr. Whalley's book is the distinction and relation between the contemplative and the technical ways of mind. Its critical core is the inseparable "dynamic triad poet-poem-reader" which reduces his thesis to its simplest terms. The poetic experience parallels the religious in its encounter with reality in a pre-logical mode of knowing. The work of art is the impersonal physical embodiment of an event of reality brought about by the integrative (rath-



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Can they seriously injure reading ability?
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To these terrifying questions on juvenile delinquency and illiteracy, the author gives an unequivocal affirmative! Dr. Wertham, as senior psychiatrist for the Department of Hospitals in New York, has directed mental hygiene clinics and was in charge of the Court of General Sessions Psychiatric Clinic. He is one of the most distinguished and fully accredited scientists in his field.

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er than creative) self-extrication of the artist "with emphasis on the event as valuable".

His conclusion is that "Poetic process is characteristically perceptual and physical, a matter of feeling rather than of thought or ideas. Intellect and intelligence are important in refining and enriching the possibilities of perceptual experience, but play a minor role in the process itself. Poetry cannot arise from any activity predominantly conceptual." By "poetry" Mr. Whalley means "art".

An exploration of this kind is valuable in its parts, inseminating in its influence even for, perhaps especially for, those who do not follow Mr. Whalley's bias from Coleridge in the direction of Kierkegaard, Bergson and Jaspers. It is the distillation of a strong atmospheric current in postwar aesthetic criticism.

THE YEAR OF THE LION—by Gerald Hanley —pp. 256—*Collins*—$2.75.

The year of the man-eating lion on an East African farm was 1935, the eve of the Abyssinian war, and a year in which white settlers recognized an important change in Africa. The great continent had ceased to be a white man's park and had become a political stamping ground.

The changes in the face of Africa and in the mind of the black man are seen fresh through the eyes of a young Englishman as well as through the eyes of seasoned settlers. Their speculations about these changes are as equivocal as their questionable victory over the cunning and powerful king of beasts with the festering neck-wound. The white men, English and Dutch, and the black men, primitive or half civilized, on the lion-hunt reveal in every word and action the upset balances of civilization and nature brought about by the white man's invasion of Africa. The lion gives unity to a double-barrelled story which adjusts its sights on the African prodigies within and without its characters.

UNTIL VICTORY: Horace Mann and Mary Peabody — by Louise Hall Tharp — pp. 316, Notes, Index, and Illustrations—*McClelland & Stewart—$5.50.*

Of venerable vintage was Horace Mann's American nationality. His paternal great-great-grandfather, who was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1647 and who graduated from Harvard in 1665, believed that his father came from "the other England".

From the stern background of this farming, reading, Calvinistic Puritan family emerged, at the turn of the nineteenth century, a boy who would temper the iron in his soul with the most liberal and romantic tendencies of his time. The ambitious youth with the ardent mind who graduated from Brown University in 1819 was to progress through four careers to prove himself one of the most selfless public servants in American history. Horace Mann was the self-appointed prophet who carried the gospel of the culture-mad city of Boston into the farthest corners of the state and who led a reform in education which was to become world-wide.

Friends and co-workers were many of the notable Bostonians of the time, among them the Peabody sisters: Elizabeth, the disciple of Ellery Channing and founder of the American kindergarten; Sophia, who married Nathaniel Hawthorne and illustrated his books; Mary, a cultured woman with a talent for teaching, who became the second wife of Horace Mann. All subscribed to Mann's idealistic conception of an intellectual and moral greatness which would correspond with the physical greatness of the United States.

Mrs. Tharp's account of this time when the creative urge was strong and the past not too great a burden is quiet, scholarly, well-written. Her liberal use of letters, some now published for the first time, gives the book warmth and immediacy.

M. A. H.

•

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

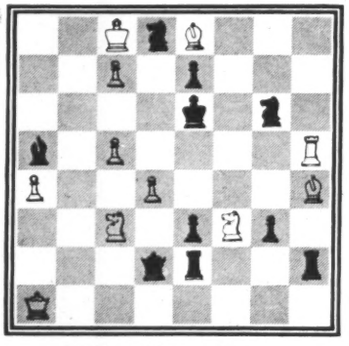
AN IMPORTANT STEP forward in chess problem composition was made by Auguste d'Orville, a member of the leading quartet of the Old School. It is not certain whether he was French, Belgian or Dutch. The year of his birth is also doubtful; H. Weenink says it was probably about 1813. D'Orville was the first to appreciate the value of graceful construction, model mates and likely quiet continuations. His inclination to limit the length of solutions started the modern two-mover on its way.

A typical example of d'Orville's work appeared in Palamede in 1837:

White: K on QKt2; B on KB3; Kts on Q3 and KKt4; Ps on QKt3, QB2 and K4. Black: K on Q5. Mate in five by 1.KKt-K5, K-K6; 2.P-B3, K-Q7; 3.Kt-B4ch, KxKt; 4.P-B4, KxKt; 5.B-K2 mate.

Problem No. 61, by "Centaur."

Black—Ten Pieces



White—Eleven Pieces

White mates in two.

Solution of Problem No. 60.

Key - move 1.Q-K8, threatening 2.Kt-B5 mate. If K-K4ch; 2.Kt-Q4 mate. If K-Q6ch; 2.P-K4 mate. If R-K2; 2.QxP mate.

An original combination of two cross-checks, with a fine thematic key, giving the two flights. Mr. Narroway was able to get a little by-play, and happily the B at R8 serves both for a guard and a pin of the Rook.

What's news at Inco*?

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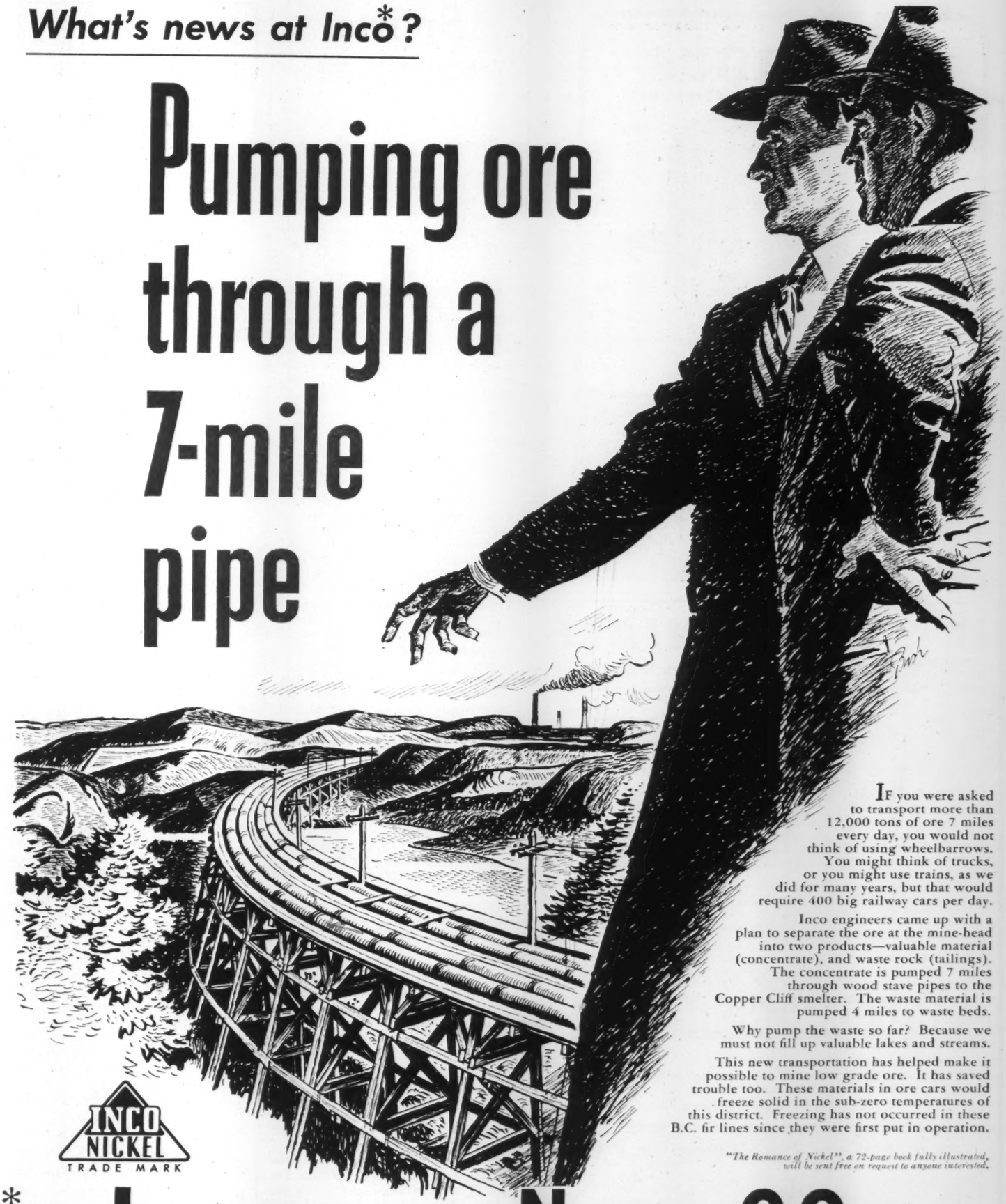

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Sports

Strike Up the Band

By Jim Coleman

IF THE STUDENTS in the back row will desist from snapping their bubble-gum, our semi-annual seminar on music will come to order. Any captious critic from the long-underwear set who complains that music has no place in a sports column is talking through his beret. Many a famous former athlete of middle years will testify that he suffered his most serious sporting injuries when he dislocated his sacroiliac while dancing The Hobo-Hop to that four-beat jump stuff played by Bennie Moten and his Mound City Blue Blowers.

Any man, woman or precocious quiz-kid who denies that ballroom dancing is a strenuous and athletic pastime never saw me in action once I had divested myself of my father's coonskin coat and stood, gleaming, pomaded and ready for the fray. Impressionable young ladies swooned when I asked them to dance and, if they didn't swoon immediately, it is certain that they swooned before we had completed two swooshing circuits of the floor. Young ladies with whom I danced realized that it was a rare experience which was unlikely to be duplicated and, accordingly, they abandoned the terpsichorean arts permanently and volunteered for nursing duties in leper colonies.

The mere sight of me in that coonskin coat of my father's was the signal for the chaperones to don their heavy goal-pads and reach for the smelling salts. My younger brother wore that same coonskin coat while evicting the enemy from the Hochwald Forest and the German flame-throwers failed to penetrate it but they gave it a singe, releasing strange vapors which resulted in the Canadian troops asking him to make a flat declaration as to whether he was friend or foe. The last time I saw that coat, it was being worn by the jockey of one of those horse-drawn sleighs in front of the Château Frontenac at Quebec. (But I digress—you'd think that SATURDAY NIGHT was paying me 10 cents a word.)

In my athletic days, it was the fashion to collect gramophone recordings. My own collection was quite bulky, but eventually I presented half of it to a blonde in Edmonton. I can see her now—sitting there, mute and beautiful and removing beer bottle tops with her teeth. The other half of my collection, I presented to Himie Koshevoy, the gentle, introspective newspaperman who later wrote the Elson Prize-winning "Pearls Before Swine" and other poems.

I had forgotten about my old musical collection until recently one of my children won an electric record-player in a crap game. Since then, my

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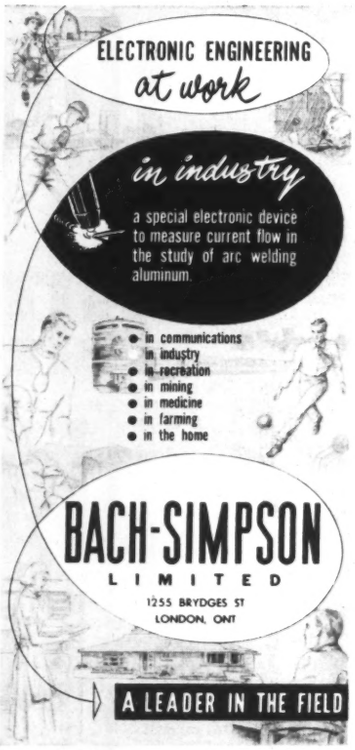

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evenings' study of *The Daily Racing Form* has been disturbed by the wailings of distraught tenors and the tender tinklings of pianists who put their hair in curlers at night.

My protests were unavailing. My young, whose knowledge of my musical background had been confined, up until then, to my morning solos from the shower exchanged smug sardonic glances when I criticized their tastes in orchestras and vocalists: Their patronizing silence made it plain that "the Old Man has to be humored when he's on the wagon".

It was then that I remembered an article I had read in an issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. (My own literary tastes run to Mickey Spillane, but I read *The Saturday Review* to provide a conversational gambit in case I meet Robertson Davies or Lister Sinclair in the elevator.) The article in question had included the information that Folkway Records had compiled a collection of original pressings from the early Twenties.

A week later, I had obtained the collection of long-playing recordings and I gathered my family around me to hear some *real* music.

Triumphantly, I placed the first recording on the turntable, lit a fresh cigar, sat back, closed my eyes and prepared to enjoy myself.

Ho, boy—but I gave them the full treatment. I started off with "Jim Jackson's Jamboree" in which Jackson is accompanied by those gentlemen who are identified only as Tampa Red, Georgia Tom and Speckled Red. I gave 'em "Hastings Street" with Charlie Spand accompanied by Blind Blake on the guitar. Before they recovered from that one, I gave them "Brown Skin Gal" played by Cripple Clarence Lofton. The guitar accompaniment was played by Big Bill Broonzy. (You don't find any musicians around these days with names like Big Bill Broonzy.)

That was pretty heady stuff, but, while they were still stunned, I played "Froggy Bottom" by Andy Kirk and His Twelve Clouds of Joy. Then we had Bennie Moten's recording of "Toby" with a kid named Bill Count Basie at the piano and Oran Hot Lips Page on third trumpet. They were transfixed by the time that I got around to Jelly Roll Morton and his Red Hot Peppers.

Man—I hit the jackpot when I bought that particular issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Thanks to Folkway Records, I have, for a modest outlay of about $28, a set of recordings which would have cost me $100 back in the Twenties or the Threadbare Thirties.

I have Louis Armstrong, Buster Bailey, Don Redman and Coleman Hawkins playing "Copenhagen" with Fletcher Henderson's band in a recording which was pressed in 1924. I have Fats Waller playing with The Little Chocolate Dandies when they included Redman, Rex Stewart, Hawkins, J. C. Higginbotham and Benny Carter. I have Benny Goodman (who was too young for long pants in those days) playing with Ben Pollack and his Park Central Orchestra.

I have Ma Rainey and Her Tub-Jug Washboard Band. I have titles such as "Bogalusa Strut", "Jackass Blues", "The Boy in the Boat", "In Dat Morning", "Tom Cat Blues", "Wolverine Blues", "Little Rock Getaway", and "Hootie Blues".

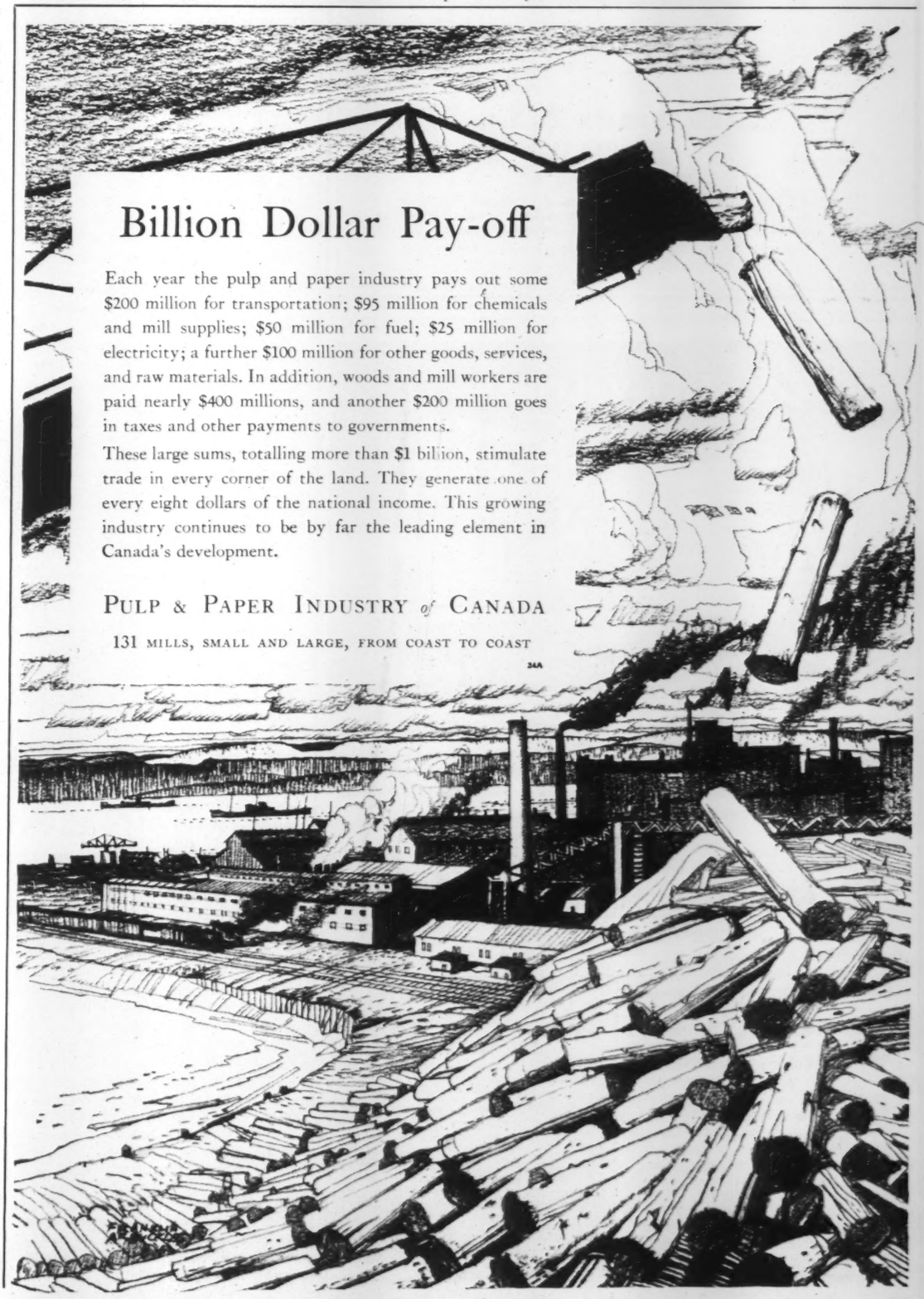
On the same recording with Henderson, Moten, Charlie Johnson and Luis Russell, I have Duke Ellington before he went uptown and decided that he was a "significant" musician. He had a nice, unrestrained little band in those days with such fellows as Arthur Whetsel, Bubber Miley, Joe Nanton, Barney Bigard, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Sonny Greer, Freddie Guy and Wellman Braud.

I discovered another thing before I finished playing my new collection that night—I discovered that I had the house to myself.

Now, any night when the house seems unduly crowded and I feel that I would like to be alone, I just go upstairs and bring down my collection of recordings. My wife (whom I met after I had disposed of my first musical collection and when I was temporarily under the spell of Sibelius and Stravinsky) has gone back to work and has taken a job which keeps her away from home in the evenings.

I suppose that, really, I should be concerned when the psychiatrist sends me those large bills for the treatment of my children. Oh, well—they can come home again when they've learned to appreciate good music.

Stand well back, boys, while I spin this turntable. Beat me, Daddy—eight to the bar!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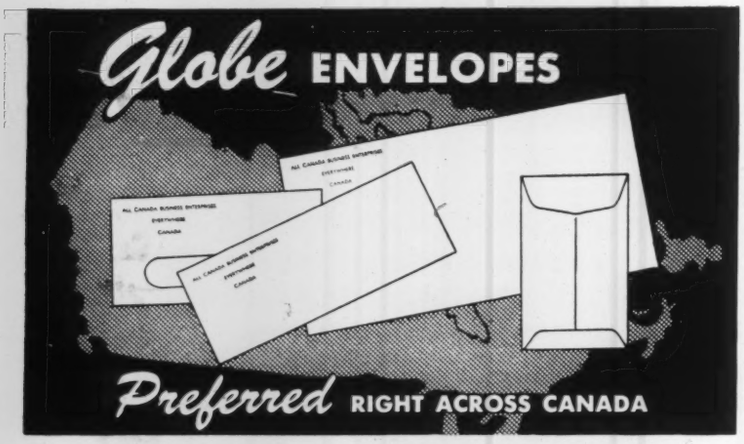

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By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, 5th March 1954

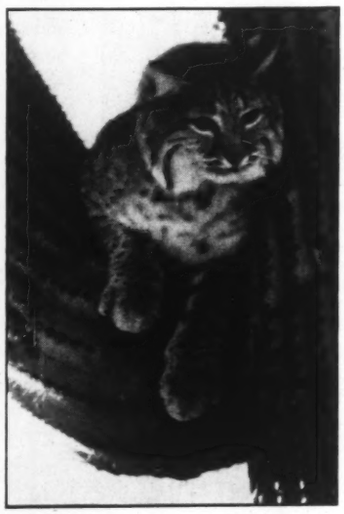
Films

Armageddon in the Desert

By Mary Lowrey Ross

WALT DISNEY'S *The Living Desert* is a strange, malignant and disturbingly beautiful picture. This is Disney's first feature-length film in the "True Adventure" series, which includes such shorter chapters as *Beaver Valley*, *Water Birds* and *Bear Country;* and though the main credits must go to the cameramen who stalked their cast of characters all the way from Death Valley to the Rio Grande, the film itself is unmistakable Disney. The editing and narrative are Disney's. So are the alternations of ingenuity and cuteness, gentleness and ferocity. Even the animals behave at times as though they had come straight off the Disney drawing board, and the tooth-and-claw survival theme frequently becomes a running series of Walt Disney gags.

The film opens with long pictorial shots of the great American desert, livid, beautiful, and apparently lifeless. Then the camera moves in close and the wasteland gradually comes alive with everything that creeps, crawls, mates and strikes. Side-winding rattlers emerge, and a brilliant coral snake goes into a ritual dance, affecting the onlooker like a particularly staggering hangover. A cheeky little desert rat, behaving exactly as though he were under contract to the Disney studios, kicks sand into the lidless eyes of a pursuing snake and rides off triumphantly on the back of a tortoise. A herd of peccary hogs chases a trembling bob-cat to the top of a thirty-foot cactus. A marauding hawk dives at a cloud of bats, who are able to make a fool of him with their special radar equipment.



A BOB-CAT chased up a cactus in Walt Disney's "Living Desert".

There is a fight to the death between a pepsis wasp and a tarantula, a miniature struggle that is blown up on the screen to the scale of a battle between prehistoric monsters. To ease the strain for the onlooker, Disney introduces a scorpion mating-ritual set to hillbilly music, and parades a giant millepede across the screen in a fantastic thicket of legs. Then he brings on a death-struggle between a rattler and a hawk, and presently wipes everything out in a tremendous cloudburst which obliterates the landscape and, minutes later, is peacefully absorbed by it. In the desert, it seems nobody wins.

Altogether *The Living Desert* makes a very strange study in mindless, irresistible destruction. By contrast the Disney narrative, with its endless anthropomorphic gags, seems trivial and curiously heartless. In the end the wasteland is made to rejoice and blossom, and the slow-motion camera reveals the exotic desert flowers as they bud, unfold, close and drop. By this time, unfortunately, the preceding images have operated so searingly on the imagination that even the desert flowers seem monstrous, a vast fleshy waste. It's a very disturbing piece of work, but it was wonderfully worth doing and, as far as the naturalist-cameramen are concerned, it has been done surpassingly well.

Saskatchewan was filmed in the lake country of North-West Canada. This means that scenically, at least, it is able to out-distance any Western laid anywhere on the North American continent. This has its disadvantages, however. The landscape, immensely and chillingly detached, towers above the foolish story and diminishes still further the small theatricals of Alan Ladd and Shelley Winters.

Ladd is cast here as a Mountie who makes it his business to save Western Canada from an invasion of American Sioux, and to protect the native Crees from the attentions of a mismanaging superior officer. He does this in spite of the distractions offered by Shelley Winters who, early in the story, pops up gun in hand from under a tarpaulin and demands to be taken back to Montana. Our Mountie impassively disarms Miss Winters, countermands his superior officer's orders, pacifies the Crees, routs the Sioux and heads for Montana along with Miss Winters, whom he has come to love for her unusually high nuisance value. Distance means nothing to the *Saskatchewan* characters who usually start out on seven-hundred to a thousand-mile trips without checking up on the map. Confronted by geography on an unprecedented scale, the makers of *Saskatchewan* apparently decided to forget about mileage and get on with the story. It's a silly picture, but the frame is magnificent.

Business

University's New Role In Help to Industry

By HARRY G. BOWLEY

BUSINESS USED to have just business problems, but times have changed. Now it has problems that belong to psychology, sociology, political science, anthropology, and other esoteric fields whose practitioners are to be found mainly on university faculties. There is, in short, a great deal of specialized knowledge in our universities that industry needs badly, and is now getting to an increasing degree. For their part in making it available, the universities merit an honor rating.

Dalhousie took the lead as far back as the 1930s. Now, some half-dozen Canadian universities have departments serving as channels of communication with industry. The Industrial Relations Centre at McGill is particularly successful, largely because it is uninhibited enough to tackle delicate issues that many similar centres avoid. Its Director is Professor Harry Douglas Woods, an eloquent, unruffled, sandy-haired economist known to his intimates as "Bus", who runs the Centre's varied activities from an office in the Arthur Purvis Memorial Hall on the campus. He is no stranger to practical business problems, since he is in constant demand as a conciliator and arbitrator in industrial disputes.

Fifty-three organizations have paid from $100 to $300 apiece, depending on the number of their employees, for membership in the Centre during the current year. All but one are business firms—Aluminum Company of Canada, the Bank of Montreal, Bell Telephone, Canadian Industries Limited, Canadian Marconi, the CPR, Dominion Textile, T. Eaton Company, Imperial Tobacco, Shell Oil, Standard Brands, TCA, to name a few — and the 53rd is the City of Westmount. These organizations have enrolled up to four executives each in the Centre's weekly seminars, which are not classes, but might be described as guided and purposeful bull sessions. During the season just ended they drew an attendance of between 150 and 175 a week.

An executive enrolled in one of these seminars attends a series of six weekly meetings, two hours long, held in the evenings. Most groups are limited to 20 members, experience having shown that this gives just about the manageable median between boredom and bedlam. The chairman is either a member of the university faculty or a man from the business community with special knowledge of, and experience in, the subject.

Any suggestion of classroom atmosphere is studiously avoided. The members are seated round-table fashion, and at the first session they are invited to draw up a plan of action for the remaining sessions. Usually there is no prepared syllabus; the members are expected to determine their own areas of interest and to keep things moving. The chairman, who has been selected largely on his ability to resist the urge to lecture, guides the discussion, limiting himself mainly to discreet observations and suggestions and to summarizing from time to time. His specialized knowledge is, of course, there for the asking.

With a subject like "Methods of Increasing Job Interest and Enthusiasm", chairmen have little trouble in working up a spirited interchange; the topic lends itself to the practical approach, and most business executives can put forward examples from their own experience. On the other hand, a subject like "Retirement" is something university sociologists have been working on for a long time, gathering statistics and other information not readily available elsewhere; in this case, the chairman is likely to be called upon frequently. But Professor Woods stresses that the Centre is not trying to provide formal education; the idea is to get business and university people together under the right conditions, where some of the special knowledge and experience of each group can rub off on the other. The Centre has repeatedly turned down requests for formal personnel training courses.

There were nine seminars in the 1953-54 season; four began in November, and five in January. Their subjects were: Negotiation Experience; Problems of the White Collar Group; Collective Bargaining Seen by the Conciliation Board Chairman; Methods of Increasing Job Interest and Enthusiasm; Retirement; Union Security; Principles and Stratagems in Conciliation and Arbitration; Grievance Handling; and Problems Presented by Certain Personality Types in Industry.

Some of these topics had been dealt with in previous years; others were new. A subject is promptly dropped whenever interest seems to be slackening off, and is usually replaced with a subject suggested by member firms. More and more, the Centre is letting member firms decide seminar subjects; the 1953-54 curriculum was based on replies to a questionnaire circulated to all members early in 1953.

In the six years of the McGill Centre's operation, there has been a marked trend away from traditional areas of discussion like collective bargaining toward what, for businessmen, are still largely pioneer territories—human relations, and the broad and ramified concept of communication between individuals. For example, a typical case history was brought forward last season in the Grievance Handling seminar.

This situation was analyzed by the class, piece by piece, not with the idea of fixing blame on any of the parties involved, but rather to discover what lessons it taught which could be applied to prevent similar occurrences in future. The minutes of this discussion read in part, "Experience has taught that treating employees as human beings instead of merely as 'bodies' pays off in different respects, which statement nobody contested". This emphasis on the human side of industrial relations permeates all the Centre's activities.

The general-discussion technique in seminars has a number of advantages. For one thing, experience has shown that conclusions arrived at through discussion of case histories drawn from members' own experiences, such as the one cited above, strike home more forcefully than lessons illustrated by textbook examples. And for another thing, faculty members, listening to the executives talk, learn as much as their classes do. And this, of course, is one of the Centre's primary aims.

IN ADDITION to the seminars there are a number of larger monthly meetings each year, at which faculty members read papers on such subjects as "Labor, Management and the Public Interest" and "The Changing Labor Force". These are usually reports on university research in fields of interest to business, and a panel representing member firms or outside interests discusses and criticizes them. There are also annual conferences every spring, centred around a different topic each year. These draw attendance from many distant points, and feature speakers who seldom hesitate to call a spade a spade; the question-and-answer periods following the talks pick some pretty fundamental bones of contention. Speakers at last year's annual conference were Dr. George V. Haythorne, Director of the Economics and Research Branch of the government's Department of Labor; Brendan Sexton, Director of Education of the United Automobile Workers, CIO; Professor Woods of the Centre; and Professor Robert H. Guest, of the Institute of Human Relations, Yale University.

The Centre does not itself carry out research projects, but it is in a fine position to put people who want research done in touch with those who can do it. A recent project sparked by the Centre delved into the question of people brought to this country from Europe to fill specific jobs — how many, of what nationalities, how soon and why they quit these jobs.

Member firms also have access to a comprehensive library on industrial relations and related topics, and they receive all the Centre's publications—notes on the weekly and monthly seminars, a bulletin with articles and book reviews on industrial relations subjects, the proceedings of the annual conference, and the Centre's Annual Report. These add up to a sizable file of useful literature—tangible evidence of the strengthening bond between mahogany desk and ivory tower.

A SEMINAR at McGill's Industrial Relations Centre.

Dominion and Provincial
Government Bonds
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility
and
Industrial Financing

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

Established 1901

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50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

J. H. Harvey, Manager

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA, 44 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

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Saturday Night

73 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO 1, ONT.

One year $4.00; Two years $6.00; Three years $8.00

Mark number of years required.

☐ 1 Year ☐ 2 Years ☐ 3 Years

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Inland Natural Gas

WOULD YOU *give me your opinion on Inland Natural Gas Co.? Do you think this stock would be a good buy for the long pull or is it just a speculation?—C. R. M., Vancouver.*

At the present time this stock must be considered as a speculative issue which is still in the promotion and distribution stage. At last report 150,000 shares were under option at $2.00 per share.

The company hopes to develop a system of gas distribution in the interior of British Columbia, to be fed by the proposed Westcoast Gas Transmission Line.

At present the company owns an 18-mile gas line from the Pouce Coupe field to Dawson Creek, BC, and is negotiating for the purchase of a 55-mile line from the Ryecroft field in the Peace River area to Grande Prairie. It also acquired, on a one-for-two share exchange, the outstanding 1,225,000 shares of Canadian Northern Oil.

Just what the company holds in oil and gas reserves or acreage is unknown but the population figures for Grande Prairie (2,664) and Dawson (3,589) hardly indicate a big market for gas.

With pipeline facilities very expensive to build, the present financial position of the company ($531,967 in current assets and 2,017,503 of the 3.5 million share capitalization outstanding) hardly offers great promise for expansion, and at present it does not appear attractive as a long term investment.

Hudson Bay Mining

DO YOU ADVISE *the purchase of Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting at the present price of 43? If the company maintains the dividend the yield is exceedingly good. — O. R., Windsor, Ont.*

Despite the indicated yield of 9.3 per cent on last year's dividend rate of $4.00 this stock does not appear to be attractive for purchase at the present time.

The recent advances in the price of lead and zinc and the stability of the price of copper have stemmed entirely from the Washington announcements that "new long term mineral stockpile objectives would be established by the Office of Defence Administration", and that an agreement had been reached to purchase 100,000 tons of the 180,000 tons of copper held by Chile.

The increasing of the stockpile objectives almost completely ignored the statement made the week before by Defence Mobilizer Flemming that the stockpile would be faced with huge surpluses of metals. However, a careful reading of the statements discloses that "the new buying of metals will be from domestic producers wherever possible and preference will be given to newly mined metal and minerals". And, Senator Dworshak, one of the pressure group, stated that he would introduce a bill to establish import quotas on lead and zinc.

With a crucial election little more than six months away, it is not difficult to recognize the political implications of the announcements and also that barriers will be raised against foreign producers, including Canada. The stimulation to prices is political, not economic, in force and thus of very transient value.

Considering this general background let us examine this company in detail. The annual report shows that earnings amounted to $4.15 per share against the $5.37 earned in 1952. Breaking it down by quarters these earnings were $1.22, $0.98, $1.05 and $0.90. These reflect the decline in the New York prices of prime western zinc from the 13.9 cents of January 1953 to 10.5 cents in December. With zinc selling under these prices for the first quarter, it is not too difficult to estimate that earnings per share are considerably lower.

To achieve the 1953 results, the company produced 131.4 million lb. of zinc against 123.5 million in 1952 and 79.9 million lb. of copper against 79.4 million in principal production. This extended the decline in metal sales from the 1951 high of $53 million to $44.5 million.

It would seem from the foregoing that the 1954 dividend rate will not match the 1953 rate of $4.00 unless some major surprises occur in the metal markets including the discovery that the "Canadian cousins" are not the "poor relations" again.

The market action of the stock gives considerable evidence of this. The recovery to 44 was halted on very little selling and the stock appears to be in a position where traders will be willing to take the short side for the short term in expectation of unpleasant news in the form of either lower dividend payments or restrictions on the entrance of Canadian metals to the American market.

Goldfields Uranium

WOULD YOU ADVISE *holding shares of Goldfields Uranium, which were purchased at around a dollar a share, for possible appreciation? Has the company sufficient working capital to develop its holdings and are the claims in an area which may prove interesting?—W. C., Calgary.*

Goldfields holds a group of claims in the Lake Athabaska area that lie to the west of the Rix-Athabaska property. According to a recent report, exploration has determined that the "62" ore zone is an extension of the "Smitty" zone in the Rix property. On 80 feet of ore exposed by trench-

ing, average values of uranium of $46.40 per ton have been obtained.

It is proposed that underground exploration of this zone be conducted from the Rix workings. So far this proposal is still under consideration.

Another group of claims is held at Ray Lake about 100 miles south of Beaverlodge but only preliminary work has been reported.

As of February, 1953, the company had a cash position of $476,403 but until the annual report appears it is difficult to estimate the present status. The February sum would hardly seem sufficient to bring the property into production unless an agreement was made to use the Rix facilities.

Considering the present stagnation of the mining market, and the lack of public interest, it would appear difficult for the company to market the remaining 1,559,993 treasury shares, especially at the current market price of 35 cents.

Without some active sponsorship to arouse trading interest, the only possible stimulus for an advance in the price would be the announcement of some major development at the properties. In view of your extensive loss, it seems a toss-up as to whether you should take your loss or "hope it out".

Malartic Gold Fields

I HAVE HELD *shares in Malartic Gold Fields for a few years. What do you think about it?—J. H., Toronto.*

As one of the survivors of the great depression the gold mining industry has wallowed in for several years, and still able to pay modest dividends, Malartic appears well worth holding at the present time.

With Government moves in the bond market putting pressure on the high dollar rate that has adversely affected internal gold prices, and manpower more plentiful for gold mining as a result of the slackening of base metal operations, the outlook has improved slightly.

No change in the price of gold seems likely, however, with the Russians shipping gold to the London and Paris markets in large quantities. This alone, to this observer, would rule out any hopes; a higher price for gold would increase Russian purchasing power.

Auto Fabric

WHAT DO YOU *think of Auto Fabric Products Co.? I have some shares of the "A" stock at $5.50. Do you think this is a reasonable gamble?—S. B., Montreal.*

Reviewing the annual reports of this company it appears that the volume of its business and its earnings fluctuates considerably in parallel with automobile sales. Seat covers, which are the principal product of the company, are bought primarily by new car buyers and secondarily by those seeking to sell used cars. As 1953 was a banner year for new car sales, but this year so far has not been so glittering, it is surmised that the trend of earnings is again down.

From the 1953 annual report it appears that the financial position of the company is not too healthy. Inventory of $453,716.79 is almost double the working capital of $232,491, which seems exceptionally high in a weak textile market. Much of this is being carried by bank advances of $206,264. This indicates some inventory trimming will have to be done to bring the inventory-working capital ratio down to the one-to-one standard.

Without quarterly reports to provide a guide (a listing requirement that our stock exchanges could well take from New York), the only clue to the state of the company's affairs will be the general pattern of auto sales. From the pattern so far the outlook does not appear to be too attractive and it might be better to switch to a high grade preferred stock.

In Brief

WOULD YOU *please favor me with your opinion of New Dulama? —R. W. C., Montreal.*

Just another promotion stock.

COULD YOU *comment on Jasper Oil? Is it a buy?—C. M. J., Montreal.*

I can. It's not.

I HAVE *50 shares of Sasko-Wainwright Oil that were issued in 1927. Are they of any value?—J. E. W., Rossland, B.C.*

Company still alive with interests in 4 wells.

I AM *holding stock in Beaver Lodge Uranium at $1.05 and would like to have your comment. I hope it is good, as I was told I would get $2.50 a share.—J. A. Mac., Vancouver.*

Mark Twain defined a mine as "a hole in the ground with a liar on top". You met him.

I AM *interested in McMarmac Gold Mines. Will you give me your opinion as to the present condition and future prospects of this company?—B. M. P., Acton, Ont.*

Anything but exciting.

I AM *holding shares of Chimo Gold Mines, purchased at $1.50. What is your opinion of the stock?—Mrs. M. J., Montreal.*

Looks like a sale over $1.25.

I AM *holding shares of Pawnee Kirkland. Are they of any value?—J. C. B., Owen Sound.*

Ugh.

I HAVE *some shares of a company known as Trinidad Mines, Gas and Oil. Could you tell me if this company is still in existence?—J. S. R., Toronto.*

Departed this life in 1937.

I HAVE *some shares of Taku Mines Co. Ltd. Can you tell me anything about them?—C. D. M., Tonawanda, NY.*

It was well named. Charter was cancelled in 1943.

WHAT HAPPENED *to Summit Range Gold Mines?—P. W., Victoria, BC.*

Went over the hill.

WHAT WOULD *you advise I do with shares of Dorreen Mines bought at 29 cents and now selling at 7?—J. L., Powell River, B.C.*

Hold.

Careful Investors

What is a careful investor?

Usually, a person who secures accurate information and sound advice before making investment decisions.

Our organization is fully qualified to give you this information and advice at any time.

A call or visit to any of our offices will bring prompt attention to your requirements.

Stock exchange orders executed

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

Upper Canada College

TORONTO, CANADA

Boarding and Day School
FOR BOYS

UPPER SCHOOL 14-18 *(Grades 9-13)* PREPARATORY SCHOOL 7-13 *(Grades 2-10)*

Ontario Graduation Diploma, Senior Matriculation, post-Matriculation VIth form. Games for all boys. Forty acres of grounds and playing fields in the residential suburb of Forest Hill, together with five hundred acres at Norval in the Credit Valley which permit weekend camping, scouting, and skiing in season. *Autumn term begins Wednesday, September 8th, 1954.*

SCHOLARSHIPS up to $1500.00
For boys entering the Upper School, grades IX-XIII.
Applications to be entered on or before March 18, 1955

PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Scholarships up to $650.
For boys of eight to twelve years of age.

EXAMINATIONS IN APRIL

For prospectus and information about curriculum, extra curricula activities, games, scholarships and bursaries, apply to Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto 12. The Rev. C. W. Sowby, M.A., D.D., *Principal.*

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THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY
Dividend Number 187

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents (30c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending March 31, 1954 payable May 25, 1954 to shareholders of record April 15, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, March 31, 1954

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

Your profit

comes from risking

working capital.

You protect <u>both</u> when your

accounts receivable

are adequately covered by

American Credit Insurance

. . . credit tool—never a substitute for a credit department

CANADIAN DIVISION

AMERICAN CREDIT INDEMNITY COMPANY OF NEW YORK

American Credit Insurance contributes at least 12 major benefits to sound financial management and maximum sales efficiency. Find out how you can put them to work in your business. They are outlined in this informative book. We'd like to mail you a copy. Phone our office in your city or write AMERICAN CREDIT INDEMNITY COMPANY of New York, Toronto, Montreal, Sherbrooke or Vancouver. Just say, "Mail me book offered in *Saturday Night*."

Offices in TORONTO, MONTREAL, SHERBROOKE and VANCOUVER

Who's Who in Business

Situation Well In Hand

By J. W. Bacque

ON THE fifth floor of the towering building in Toronto that houses the headquarters of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the sober portraits of former executives of the bank seem to give their silent approval, from their places on the walls, to the purposeful hush in the outer office of the President's suite. The atmosphere created there extends into the inner office, where James Stewart, the quiet Scot who is the President, directs the affairs of the great banking institution with unflurried efficiency and an air of almost detached calm.

James Stewart was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1894. After he left school at the age of 14, he took a job as timekeeper in a dye works in Perth. Six years later, in February of 1914, he left Scotland to join his brother, John, in Sherbrooke, Quebec, where he got a job as a ledger-keeper with the Canadian Bank of Commerce and began the career that has led to the presidency.

Ashley & Crippen

JAMES STEWART

He remained with the bank during the war, having been refused by the army when he attempted to join up, and he was moved frequently enough around the province to enable him to pick up a good working knowledge of French as well as experience as a junior in the banking business.

In 1920, the bank transferred him to the New York office, then brought him to the Toronto head office a year later. His early career included a wide range of banking activities, but he was mainly concerned with credits and loans. He spent a few years in Hamilton and Halifax, then returned to Toronto as assistant inspector in 1926. The following year, he went to Mexico City, as assistant manager. While there, he picked up Spanish fairly easily, although he says (in English that still comes with a Scots burr), "I am by no means a Spanish scholar". He avoided the popular Mexican recreation of watching bullfights, preferring to play golf or tennis.

He returned to Toronto for good in 1937, when he was appointed assistant general manager. Ten years later, he became general manager; in 1949 he was made a director and in 1952, president.

He is a member of the Toronto and Rosedale Golf Clubs, and he plays both courses in the eighties. He admits that he may have had a head start on his fellow Canadian golfers, because he began to play in Scotland while he was still at school.

He recalls that the equipment of his school days was crude compared with that of today; then, a hundred yards was considered a respectable length for a drive. He used to be an enthusiastic curler at the Victoria Curling Club, but he hasn't been active for the last few years.

He is a bachelor and lives alone in his house in the north-east section of Toronto. His brother, John, is an insurance broker in Montreal, and Mr. Stewart visits him fairly frequently. When he travels, it is usually on bank business. In the last few years, he has been in most European and many Far Eastern countries, including Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines.

Characteristically, Mr. Stewart is reticent about the time he spent in Ottawa with the government during the war. He was administrator of services for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board in 1941 and 1942. It was for his war work that he was made a Commander of the British Empire in 1946. He was recalled to Toronto in February, 1943, when illness caused a serious shortage of manpower in the management of the bank.

His reading he describes as general, but he favors biographies and recent international histories. He thinks that the current optimism about Canada's material future is fully justified, and he points out: "The growth of a nation inevitably means over a period of years that there will be variations in the level of business activity. Canada is now in a period of consolidation of the expansion that has recently taken place. An economy expanding rapidly will at some time have to consolidate and digest the gains made."

Quiet, and not inclined to expound his views at length, he gives the impression of always being in control both of himself and of the business at hand. On first acquaintance, he appears to fit perfectly the common idea of the tight-lipped banker—until he smiles slowly and remarks, "We're not as solemn or cold as people seem to think us".

Advertising

Plugs in Novels

By John Carlton

IS THE MODERN NOVEL becoming another medium for advertising? Authors of many "whodunits" are putting into their stories puffs and plugs for automobiles, cigarettes, hard and soft drinks, and other branded and advertised products. Less lurid writers are following the same trend. In *An Old Captivity*, by Nevil Shute, is a boost for Phospherine that would pass the most exacting copy chief in any agency. The hero, Donald Ross, is about to pilot a flying trip from England to Greenland. His motherly aunt insists that he take with him a bottle of Phospherine.

"If I give it to you, Donald, will you mind and take it? . . . You're looking terribly run down . . ."

"I'm really quite all right, Aunt Janet."

"You'll be better for the Phospherine. Mind and take it."

The bottle of Phospherine goes into the baggage. It is mentioned appreciatively twice again in the story. Ovaltine is mentioned no less than eight times. Other products introduced are Candy-Lax, "the delicious children's laxative that tastes like Edinburgh rock", Bovril and Kodak films. The Shell representative in Greenland is a great help to the expedition.

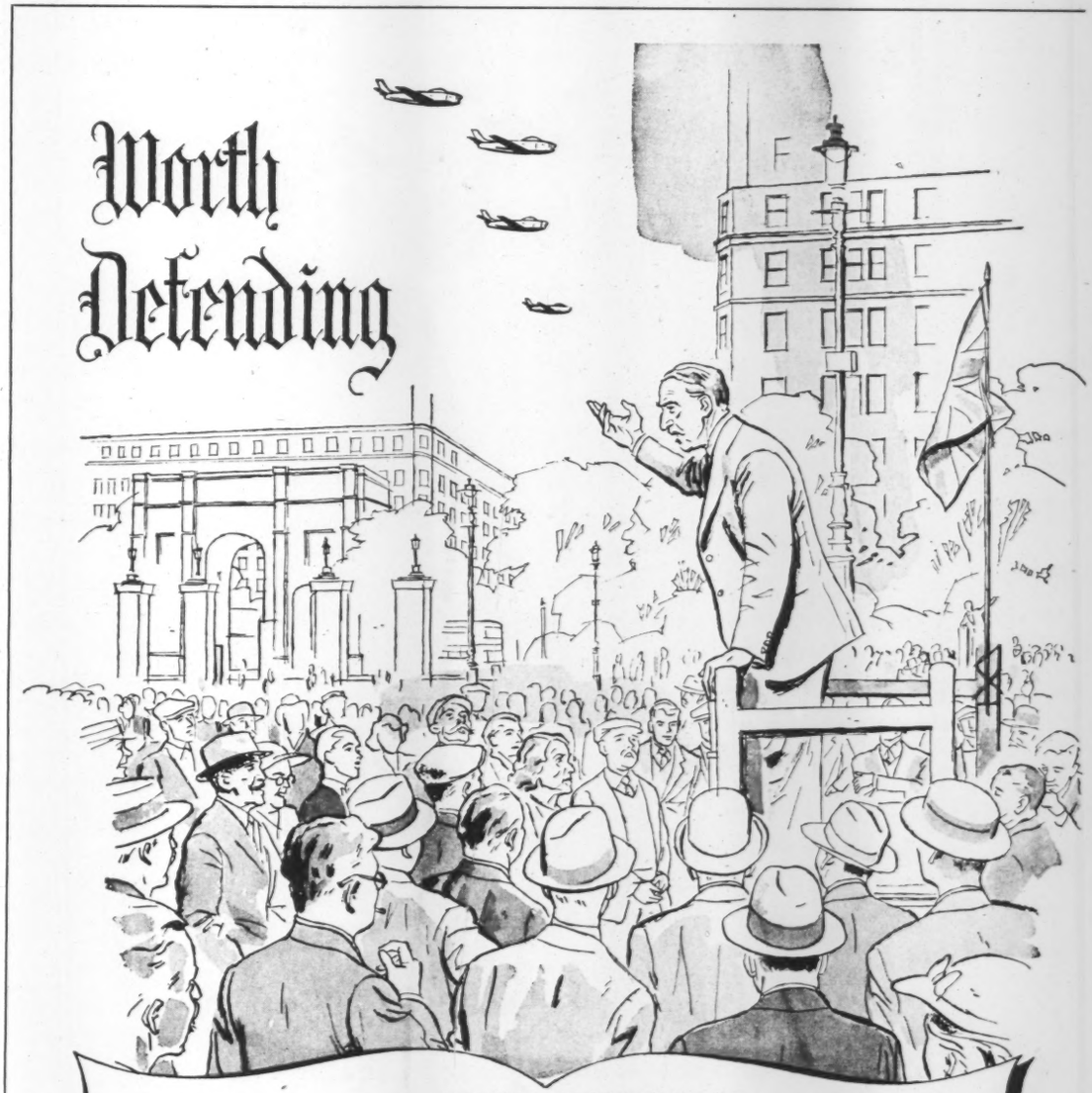
In *The Sparks Fly Upward*, by James Ronald, Guinness's stout and Bass's ale are named, the former being that "honest bottle of Guinness". Gold Flake cigarettes are mentioned more than once and Fels-Naptha soap and Meccano are also plugged.

Evidence of current and growing activity in advertising agencies is seen in the unusually large number of displayed "Situations Vacant" ads appearing in the daily and business press. The positions to be filled cover all phases of agency service. Terms and conditions of employment are attractively stated, but remuneration is referred to in general terms only. "Position with a future" is a frequent and variously phrased lure. Among the "Help Wanted" of recent weeks are included creative layout artists, production men, copywriters (male and female), junior executives, media men. There are also "outstanding" radio opportunities. Youth and experience are essentials in nearly every case, a somewhat Utopian specification.

Trade papers are an index of the national advertising being planned by manufacturers. During the first quarter of this year these publications have been carrying a very considerable volume of advertising urging dealers to line up in readiness for the "fabulous air conditioning boom" expected this summer.

One can but admire the serene confidence with which Dr. A. W. Chase's Calendar Almanac goes into practically every Canadian home with its weather forecast for the entire year. The good Doctor has been rendering this service annually for half a century without any apparent unfavorable reaction from his millions of readers. From January 1 to December 31 he courageously predicts the weekly weather across the greater part of Canada. Local mean times in Ontario, Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland are stated. These figures are correct to a second, as are those for eclipses and phases of the moon. Why should not weather conditions, weeks and months ahead of time, be presented with any less assurance, so far as the average unscientific reader is concerned? The Weather Man has a lot of ground to cover. There is always one section of his huge territory to which he can point with pride and say, "What did I tell you!"

Canadian Daily Newspapers Association is making a praiseworthy attempt to sell the advertising columns of its members to British exporters to Canada. Advertising trade journals in the UK are telling in page space—"No need to sell in Canada blindfolded! The Canadian Consumer Survey of 1953 is one of many ways in which the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association has helped manufacturers of consumer goods to plan their Canadian sales efforts with their eyes open". The CDNA Survey is offered as "a valuable yardstick of competitive performance in the Canadian market". It gives a detailed statistical report on produet usage and brand preferences in 56 cities from Newfoundland to British Columbia.



FREEDOM OF SPEECH

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it!"
— VOLTAIRE

Freedom of Speech — the right to champion one's political views . . . to protest acts of government . . . to express new ideas or defend old ways . . . these become "crimes" and are hastily silenced wherever fascism or communism reigns . . . and liberty of thought and conscience is no more.

Consider the liberty which we, in the free nations, enjoy . . . to speak out against wrongs . . . to speak up for what is right! Our Freedom of Speech is the great keystone of true democracy. Our Freedom of Speech is *worth defending!*

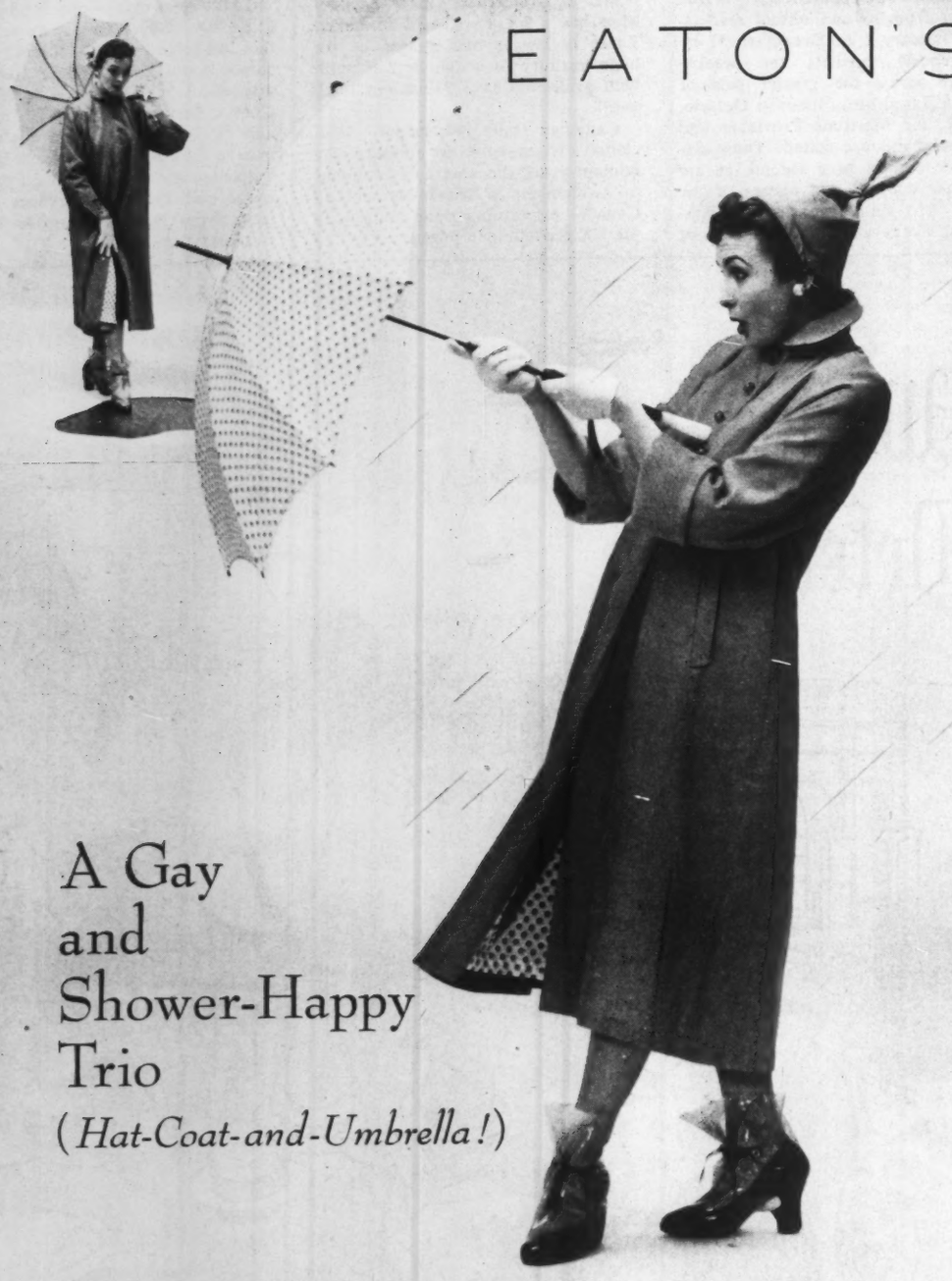
CAS4-87

C-L CANADAIR LIMITED

CANADAIR
— AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURERS —
LIMITED, MONTREAL

One of a series dedicated to the survival of freedom — Reprints on request.

EATON'S



A Gay
and
Shower-Happy
Trio
(*Hat-Coat-and-Umbrella!*)

That Can Sing in the Rain or Bask in the Sun!

There's a High Fashion wind blowing across Canada—
towards the All-Weather-Ensembles at Eaton's. Hats, coats and umbrellas
now make way together, in rain-treated corduroy or gabardine.
They're colour-teamed to match, their silken-hued linings reflecting
the umbrella. And the umbrella is patented—it can blow inside out,
returning to shape without causing commotion!
The weathercock's eye is on the Weather-wise Trios at Eaton's.

EATON'S...CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION...STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

What Is Education?

By Jessie Lawson

THE OTHER NIGHT I picked up my copy of *A History of the Saint John Grammar School,* published in 1914, with an introduction by Dr. H. S. Bridges, Superintendent of Schools for the City of Saint John, able administrator and great teacher.

"It is quite an easy matter," he wrote, "to make out a good case for including in the school curriculum almost anything that is not immoral, from the study of Shakespeare's plays to the manipulation of a gas engine, and well-meaning enthusiasts will always be found ready to push the claims of their hobbies to extremes. Amid the confusion caused by this perplexing array of subjects, the fundamental issue in education must always be kept in sight, and this is how to fill the short and precious years of school life so that pupils may have an effective preparation for the activities of adult life without being at the same time deprived of that general culture, the educational value of which is inestimable.

"A man's education must not be limited to mere manipulative skill. He must also obtain from school that impulse to self-culture which is a sure safeguard against that dangerous mental vacuity which finds relief in vulgar pleasures, and is the fruitful source of vice and crime."

Traditional? Yes, I suppose so. "Old fogey!" You never knew Dr. Bridges, or you could not say that.

Then I turned to *The Scottish Educational Journal,* November, 1953, which contains the fine speech of HRH the Duke of Edinburgh on his installation as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh. In it he says, in part:

"Far be it from me to tell the teacher his business, but in my opinion intense specialization is neither necessary nor desirable at any school. The necessities of a successful professional career are a broad mind and wide interests. Their foundation must be laid in school and cannot be cured at the university or anywhere else. It is in school and not at the university that the budding scientist should be helped, for instance, to develop a taste for music and the arts, and the young historian an understanding and reverence for science, and both, incidentally, an appreciation of the crafts.

"Perhaps it matters little to individuals if they are selfish, narrow-minded, or bigoted, but it matters very much to the community in which they live and work. Especially if that community forms part of a democracy where the power rests with the people. The quality of a democracy is the reflection of the qualities of its citizens."

The Duke of Edinburgh is very "progressive". Yet, examine his philosophy of education. To all intents and purposes it agrees with the philosophy stated by Dr. Bridges in 1914. Could it be that "progressive" education has progressed so far that it has come full circle, and now links hands with the so-called "traditional"?

women

EASTER HAT AND SUIT

Conversation Pieces:

WHETHER we know it or not, our devotion to a new suit at Easter (or any new clothes) and to our Easter bonnet comes from nature worship. In ancient days, Easter was the beginning of the new year and people cast off their old clothes for new ones, in imitation of Spring putting on her new attire of green. The Easter bonnet started as a crude wreath of flowers and leaves worn on the head, the circle symbolizing the round sun and its course in the Heavens which brought the return of Spring.

Easter eggs are traditional to the season, and they are often dyed various colors for more pleasurable eating. Denmark has another way of making them part of the Easter menu. The custom of eating this particular egg dish at Easter has been kept up since the time the country was Roman Catholic and meat was prohibited both on Thursday and Good Friday. The Danish people turned to hard boiled eggs and covered them with a white sauce, the ingredients of which were given us by Copenhagen-born Mrs. V. E. Falkjar, of Saint John, National Vice-President of the NB branch of the Canadian Association of Consumers. The sauce is the usual 2 tbsp. butter, 2½ tbsp. flour and enough milk to make a thick gravy. But to this is added 1 tsp. dry mustard and salt and sugar to individual taste.

This is the second year that the York Concert Society, Toronto, has undertaken "A Spring Festival" of four concerts. The first is on April 20, with Betty Jean Hagen as soloist.

Guest columnist this week (page 30) is Dr. Jessie Lawson, well-known educationalist of Saint John. She is the author of the school history textbook, *Our New Brunswick Story*, and last year she collaborated with Jean Sweet on a travel book, *This Is New Brunswick*, published by Ryerson.

The Freimans are a well-dressed family. Lawrence Freiman, of Ottawa, appears as one of the best dressed men in a poll conducted by the Canadian Apparel Fair; and his sister, Mrs. Bernard Alexandor, also of Ottawa, made *Liberty's* list of the ten best dressed women in Canada. Last year, his other sister, Mrs. Benjamin Luxenberg, of Toronto, made the list.

Maritime awards to the best actresses in the regional festivals of the Dominion Drama Festival went to Eileen Connolly for her role in *Dear Ruth*, presented by the New Glasgow Theatre Guild, and to Alda Mair in *Darkness at Noon*, presented by the University of NB Drama Society. Neither play won the Calvert Award as the best entry, so neither of the actresses will have a chance to appear at the finals in Hamilton, Ont., in mid-May.

IN THE *fashion world, Easter is a suit and a straw hat. So we salute Easter with this brown silk tweed suit (above) by Jacques Fath for Joseph Halpert of New York and with the garden Watteau hat in rough natural straw (top left) by Lilly Daché.*

FOR YEARS women have tried new hair styles or new hair shades at their own peril. If they did not like the resulting cut or color, they had to wait for their hair to grow long enough to start again. No one thought of a simple solution—half-wigs in various hair styles and colors, to slip on over your own hair like a hat, in order to give you an idea of how you would actually look *before* the scissors or a color rinse made a quick return to normal impossible.

No one thought of this—that is not until recently, when Edward Denny, an internationally known hair stylist, and a wig manufacturer got together. Mr. Denny brought the nylon wigs to Holt Renfrew's in Montreal and Toronto, and here are some of the results, photographed on one model.

Photos: Henry Koro

FIRST, Mr. Denny had a few general rules for hair styles. Blondes (and that included silver blondes and pure white) should not have too much detail, like curls, around the face. Pure lines are so much more suited to them. Darks (black, brown and red) can stand a more "busy" arrangement. They should find the Italian, or modified Italian, haircut ideal for them.

Photographed upper left is the half-wig with a centre part. This style is good for an oval or slender face, as it helps to round it out. There is a slight forward movement from the centre part and a face-framing "sea curl" wave. One thing to remember, Mr. Denny pointed out, is that a centre part that comes right down to the forehead tends to show up any irregularity of the nose, no matter how slight. In that case, you should stop the centre part well back on the head and comb the front into bangs over the forehead. This style should suit blondes and light brunettes, since it is simple and uncluttered.

If you are the petite, diminutive type, take a look at the blonde photographed above. Here are softly waved bangs that add to your height, and the style, since it is not too "fussy", is suitable to both blondes and darks. Actually, the wig photographed is a topaz blonde shade. Mr. Denny is fitting it on the model.

For the very tall girl, who would like to change her hair-do but does not want to add to her height, the style shown at upper right is ideal. The bangs are really the old "Buster Brown" cut, only no one wants to be reminded that she remembers back that far, so now it is called the "club" cut. It is a straight cut across the forehead, without any "froth" or curls. Actually, Mr. Denny said, it is perfect for the plain girl who can look quite striking with such a cut. It is best with black or auburn hair.

IMPORTED *shantung tailleur by Elizabeth Arden, in pearl grey with a dark green stripe, printed in a Louis XV design of pink rosebuds. The pearl grey gilet of* poult de soie *is embroidered with pearls and rhinestones.*

• •

All Up In The Air

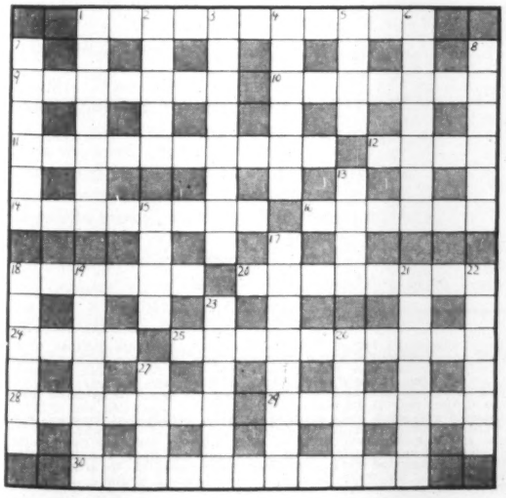
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. They don't give a hoot any more. (7, 4)
9. It destroys an article on Don Marquis' cockroach. (7)
10. One opens the book—to find it. (7)
11. Are they permanently in the policeman's hair? (5, 5)
12. See 30.
14. Tree the dog shares with its family? (8)
16. Take a look at the airport. (6)
18. To take a chance on this is extremely game. (6)
20. Do they rule the butterflies? (8)
24. Little boy was entitled to be until Bing Crosby appeared. (4)
25. Chaperones the 16's girl friend? (10)
28. Retire to a different setting on the Red Sea. (7)
29. Collectors usually get it first. (7)
30, 12. Make a "down" payment on your home? (7, 4, 4,)

DOWN

1. It makes a change to have it braised. (3-4)
2. He needs an ending for a dirty word. (5)
3. It's stuck with wings but can't take off. (8)
4. Losing its adherent, 3 might be smart to change and join the last of 6. (6)
5. St. Paul's bird? (4)
6. Navy cut tobacco? (7)
7. It's just crazy to take the top off the bottle. (6)
8. Bird's home or Homer's wise old bird. (6)
13. It flows into Walla Walla valley. (4)
15. Finch went after it, finding it already had wings. (4)
17. I'm sure no disguise is necessary for him. (8)
18. Small 1 down in the path of the swallow? (6)
19. U.S. 2 backs up over a quarrel, the dog! (7)
21. Just the pigeon for Hermes! (7)
22. When saying "something", one must, at last. (6)
23. Residue of hot sap? (6)
26. He wrote "Mefistofele". Did his audience boo it, wanting changes? (5)
27. Song 17 initially took to "Chapdelaine". (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Supervision
9. Unchanged
10. Ducks
11. Hun
12. Lamia
13. Aisle
14. Ovations
16. Sea-cow
21. May-day
22. Superman
24. Bills
27. Edges
29. Use
30. Cenci
31. Parricide
32. Reformatory

DOWN

1. Secondary
2. 24. Pearl Buck
3. Regiment
4. Indian
5. Indra
6. Nicks
7. Mushroom
8. Isle
15. Ida 17. Ewe
18. Community
19. Wanderer
20. Bulgaria
23. Pepper 24. See 2
25. Liner 26. Sniff
28. Sligo (309)

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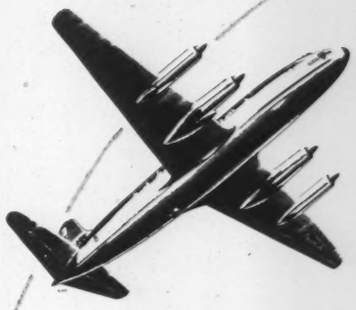

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Letters

Unsanitary Greeting

THE EPIDEMIC of polio in Australia has had one good result. It has emphasized the fact that handshaking is an unsanitary, dirty practice. An Anglo-Saxon male considers the kissing of another male, as practised in some countries, a very disgusting habit—no objection, of course, in case it be one of the other sex—but of the two practices, perhaps the latter is the less unsanitary.

Let someone come forward with a suggestion of a better mode of salutation than the present one.

Grenfell, Sask. J. HOUSTON

London Letter

"LETTER From London" (February 27)—could Mr. Nichols be persuaded to tell us where the "statistics were published" showing that television aerials sold exceeded sets sold? I am afraid that Mr. Nichols is rather gullible if he gives credence to an already out of date music hall joke.

In fact, the "Letter from London" strongly suggests that Mr. Nichols believes Canadians in Canada have no artistic sensibility. He has probably heard our fellow Canadian, Mr. Bernard Braden, making his luncheon club assertions that Canada has no culture. Or else why waste a whole column criticizing weather foreacsts?

(MRS.) AGNES SCOTT
Weybridge, Surrey

YOUR most recent London Letter speaks of the disease which is riddling the elms of England. Such a disease has been rampant in the Eastern United States for several years and has denuded many of the avenues of elms whose arching beauty was the glory of New England towns. It is slowly creeping across Canada. No authorities here seem enough concerned to explain its cause or suggest means of prevention or treatment. Are we to accept this destruction of a noble tree as inevitable?

Hampton, NB. CYRIL THOMAS

The Careful Premier

I WOULD agree that Mr. Campbell has certainly been "careful"—so careful, in fact, that he refused to accept his responsibility as Premier in 1950, and called in Brigadier Morton only when the flood "refused to go away" . . . 62 per cent of the provincial electorate voted *against* Mr. Campbell, but our friend has the province "tied up"—one country vote has, in effect, the power of two city votes by reason of poor distributional values—and the Liberal popularity, *if any*, is in the country. Hence the 36-15 seat ratio . . . The people of Winnipeg (by a majority of 5-1) and the country people, too, by a small majority of those asked, are in favor of the coloring of margarine. Mr. Campbell (for reasons of his own) chooses to ignore public demand.

Fort Garry, Man. JOHN H. DYER

Remedial Courts

WHY IS IT so many advocates of divorce on grounds cannot see the value of remedial courts (not clinics) even in cases of desertion and incurable insanity?

I have known people who were deserted—and small wonder they were deserted. They were so completely lacking in understanding of themselves, hence of others. This is a side of desertion that is too often not recognized . . .

People who have not achieved a happy marriage are as defective in human relations as the alcoholic, sex pervert, drug addict; they need understanding, diagnosis and therapy, not guilt and punishment . . . I feel very strongly that the most sensible approach to this problem is remedial courts where every breaking or broken marriage is treated on its own merits. If divorce be the remedy then a divorce should be granted . . .

Toronto NAOMI R. MCCANNELL

Bottle and Blanket

I NOTICE you have joined the parade in condemning drinking drivers and the sentences meted out to them. A case last fall which came to my notice has made me think on this problem. On a raw night after the football game a young man damaged two cars besides his own, fortunately injuring no one. Telling me about it, he mentioned that previous to the game he had heard a sportscaster, as well as nearly every fan he met, refer to it as a "bottle and blanket" night.

It would seem to me that as long as we are living in a society and reading a press that stresses if one wishes to be smart he must drink, we will have to face the consequences. Does not the solution to this, as well as to many of the other problems of our complex modern life, hinge on us meeting the age-old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Edmonton J. L. PATERSON

Of Many Things

SO ONTARIO is going to try again to legislate against racial discrimination. What folly! And what a commentary on the morality of a province which considers itself righteous. You can't legislate against racial discrimination; you can only bring your children up to respect the dignity of all men and teach them this by example first and precept second, not by loose talk or slurs and jibes at other races and creeds.

Nanaimo, BC. ANGUS MACFARLAND

I HAVE just read in your March 20 edition, Appeasement Never Pays, by Willson Woodside. It made me boiling mad.

Mr. Woodside's use of the adjective loathsome in referring to Senator McCarthy is very bad taste. The Senator is not regarded with abhorrence in this country. We have a slanted press. Many newspaper commentators, such as Edward R. Morrow, Marquis Childs, Cecil Brown, etc., who make up part of the Communist conspiracy. . .

CATHERINE M. BYRNES
St. Petersburg, Fla.

A NEWS REPORT says that a water pistol has been developed which will propel a stream of water with enough force to penetrate four inches of flesh. How this is going to be used is obvious. Teen-agers, now that the sale of spring-knives is forbidden, will hasten to buy this lethal weapon . . . Not only should production of the new water pistol be forbidden forthwith, but the law should be made more severe in order that delinquent teen-agers, instead of being pampered in reform schools, be soundly whipped whenever they get into trouble. The law would only be doing what their parents failed to do much earlier.

Moncton, NB. CALVIN BENCHLEY

. . . Harold Larwood, (Sports, March 20), one of England's fastest *right* hand bowlers ever, was also one of the most accurate. In other words he bowled at the wicket. In the tour in question he took more than 50 per cent of *his Test wickets* by hitting the stumps. This is a very high proportion for a fast bowler, who usually relies on "slip" catches . . .

Amherst, NS. HENRY S. WALKER

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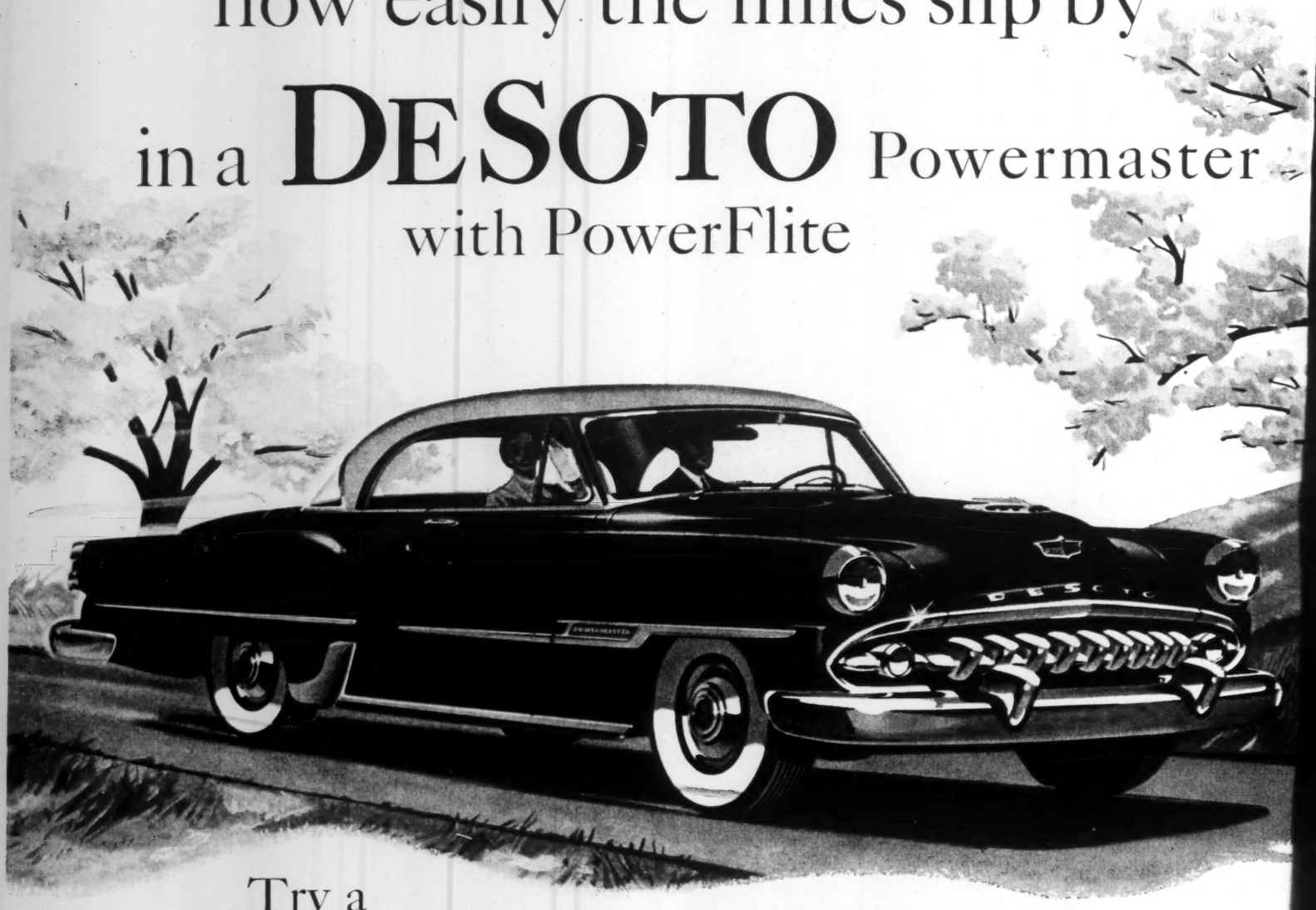

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